THE ATHEIST'S TRAGEDIE:

OR

The honest Man's Reuenge.

As in diuers places it hath often beene Acted.

WRITTEN

By *Cyril Tourneur.*

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The names and qualities of the Actors.

Montferrers, a Baron.
Belforeſt, a Baron.
D'amville, brother to *Montferrers*.
Leuidulcia, Lady to *Belforeſt*.
Caſtabella, Daughter to *Belforeſt*.
Charlemont, ſonne to *Montferrers*.
Rouſard, elder Sonne to *D'amville*.
Sebaſtian, younger Sonne to *D'amville*.
Languebeau Snuffe, a Puritane; Chaplaine to *Belforeſt*.
Borachio, *D'amvilles* inſtrument.
Cataplaſma, a maker of Periwigges and Attires.
Soquette, a ſeeming Gentlewoman to *Cataplaſma*.
Freſco, Seruant to *Cataplaſma*.
Other ſeruants.
Seriant in warre.
Souldiers.
Watchmen.
Officers.

Iudges.

THE ATHEIST'S Tragedie.

Actus primi Scena prima.

Enter D'amuille, Borachio, *attended.*

D'amuille.



Saw my Nephew *Charlemont*, but now
Part from his Father. Tell him I desire
To speake with him. *Exit* Seruant.
Borachio, thou art read
In Nature and her large Philosophie.
Obseru'st thou not the very selfe same course
Of reuolution both in Man and Beast?

Bor. The same. For birth, growth, state, decay and death:
Onely, a Man's beholding to his Nature
For th'better composition o'the two.

D'am. But where that fauour of his Nature, is
Not full and free; you see a man becomes
A foole, as little-knowing as a beast.

Bor. That showes there's nothing in a Man, aboue
His nature; if there were, consid'ring t'is
His beings excellencie, t'would not yeeld
To Natures weakenesse.

D'am. Then if Death casts vp
Our totall summe of ioy and happinesse;
Let me haue all my sences feasted in
Th'abundant fulnesse of delight at once,

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And with a sweet insensible increase
Of pleasing surfet melt into my dust.
Bor. That reuolution is too short me thinkes.
If this life comprehends our happinesse,
How foolish to desire to dye so soone?
And if our time runnes home vnto the length
Of Nature, how improuident it were
To spend our substance on a minutes pleasure,
And after liue an age in miserie?
D'am. So thou conclud'st that pleasure onely flowes
Vpon the streame of riches.
Bor. Wealth is Lord
Of all felicitie.
D'am. T'is Oracle.
For what's a man that's honest without wealth?
Bor. Both miserable and contemptible.
D'am. Hee's worse *Borachio.* For if Charitie
Be an essentiall part of Honestie,
And should be practis'd first vpon our selues;
Which must be graunted; then your honest man
That's poore, is most dishonest, for hee is
Vncharitable to the Man, whom hee
Should most respect. But what doth this touch me,
That seeme to haue enough? Thankes industrie.
T'is true. Had not my Body spredde it selfe
Into posteritie; perhaps I should
Desire no more increase of substance, then
Would hold proportion with mine owne dimentions.
Yet euen in that sufficiencie of state,
A man has reason to prouide and adde.
For what is he hath such a present eye,
And so prepar'd a strength; that can fore-see,
And fortifie his substance and himselfe,
Against those accidents, the least whereof
May robbe him of an ages husbandry?
And for my children; they are as neere to me,
As branches to the tree whereon they grow;

And may as numerously be multiplied.
As they increase, so should my prouidence;
For from my substance they receiue the sap,
Whereby they liue and flowrish.
Bor. Sir enough,
I vnderstand the marke whereat you aime.
Enter Charlemont.
D'am. Silence. W'are interrupted. *Charlemont!*
Char. Good morrow Vncle.
D'am. Noble *Charlemont*;
Good morrow. Is not this the honour'd day
You purpos'd to set forward to the warre?
Char. My inclination did intend it so.
D'am. And not your resolution?
Char. Yes my Lord;
Had not my Father contradicted it.
D'am. O noble warre! Thou first originall
Of all man's honour. How deiectedly,
The baser Spirit of our present time
Hath cast it selfe below the ancient worth
Of our forefathers! From whose noble deedes
Ignobly we deriue our pedigrees.
Charl. Sir, taxe not me for his vnwillingnesse.
By the command of his authoritie,
My disposition's forc'd against it selfe.
D'am. Nephew, you are the honour of our bloud.
The troope of Gentry, whose inferiour worth
Should second your example, are become
Your Leaders: and the scorne of their discourse,
Turnes smiling backe vpon your backewardnesse.
Charl. You neede not vrge my spirit by disgrace;
T'is free enough. My Father hinders it.
To curbe me, hee denyes me maintenance
To put me in the habite of my ranque.
Vnbinde me from that strong necessitie,
And call me Coward if I stay behind.
D'am. For want of meanes? *Borachio!* Where's the gold?

I'de disinherite my posteritie
To purchase honour. T'is an interest
I prize aboue the principall of wealth.
I'm glad I had th'occasion to make knowne
How readily my substance shall vnlocke
It selfe to serue you. Here's a thousand Crownes.
Charl. My worthy vncle; in exchange for this,
I leaue my bond. So I am doubly bound;
By that for the repayment of this gold,
And by this gold to satisfie your loue.
D'am. Sir; t'is a witnesse (onely) of my loue;
And loue doth alwayes satisfie it selfe.
Now to your Father; labour his consent.
My importunitie shall second yours.
Wee will obtaine it.
Charl. If intreatie faile,
The force of reputation shall preuaile. *Exit.*
D'am. Goe call my Sonnes, that they may take their leaues
Of noble *Charlemont*. Now my *Borachio!*
Bor. The substance of our former argument
Was wealth.
D'am. The question how to compasse it.
Bor. Young *Charlemont* is going to the warre.
Dam. O, thou begin'st to take me.
Bor. Marke me then.
Me thinkes, the pregnant wit of Man, might make
The happy absence of this *Charlemont*,
A subiect for commodious prouidence.
He has a wealthy Father; ready eu'n
To drop into his graue. And no mans power
When *Charlemont* is gone, can interpose
'Twixt you and him.
D'am. Th'ast apprehended; both
My meaning and my loue. Now let thy trust,
For vndertaking and for secrecie,
Hold measure with thy amplitude of wit;
And thy reward shall paralell thy worth.

Bor. My resolution has already bound
Mee to your seruice.
D'am. And my heart to thee.
Enter Rousard and Sebastian.
Here are my Sonnes.——————
There's my eternitie. My life in them;
And their succession shall for euer liue.
And in my reason dwels the prouidence,
To adde to life as much of happinesse.
Let all men lose, so I increase my gaine,
I haue no feeling of anothers paine. *Exeunt.*
Enter old Montferrers and Charlemont.
Mont. I prithee let this current of my teares,
Diuert thy inclination from the warre.
For of my children thou are onely left,
To promise a succession to my house.
And all the honour thou canst get by armes,
Will giue but vaine addition to thy name;
Since from thy aunce stours thou dost deriue
A dignitie sufficient; and as great
As thou hast substance to maintaine and beare.
I prithee stay at home.
Charl. My noble Father.
The weakest sigh you breath, hath power to turne
My strongest purpose; and your softest teare
To melt my resolution to as soft
Obedience. But my affection to the warre,
Is as heriditary as my bloud,
To eu'ry life of all my ancestry.
Your predecessours were your presidents;
And you are my example. Shall I serue
For nothing but a vaine Parenthesis,
I'th'honour'd story of your Familie?
Or hang but like an emptie Scutcheon,
Betweene the trophee's of my predecessours.
And the rich Armes of my posteritie?
There's not a French-man of good bloud and youth'

But eyther out of ſpirit or example,
Is turn'd a Souldier. Onely *Charlemont*
Muſt be reputed that ſame heartleſſe thing,
That Cowards will be bold to play vpon.

Enter D'amville, Rouſard and Sebaſtian.

D'am. Good morrow my Lord.
Mont. Morrow good brother.
Charl. Good morrow Vncle.
D'am. Morrow kinde Nephew.
What? ha'you waſh'd your eyes wi'teares this morning?
Come: by my ſoule his purpoſe does deſerue
Your free conſent. Your tenderneſſe diſſwades him.
What to the Father of a Gentleman,
Should be more tender then the maintenance
And the increaſe of honour to his houſe?
My Lord; here are my Boyes. I ſhould be proud
That eyther this were able, or that inclin'd
To be my Nephewes braue competitor.
Mont. Your importunities haue ouercome.
Pray God my forc'd graunt proue not ominous.
D'am. We haue obtain'd it.—Ominous? in what?
It cannot be in any thing but death.
And I am of a confident beliefe,
That eu'n the time, place, manner of our deathes,
Doe follow Fate with that neceſſitie;
That makes vs ſure to dye. And in a thing
Ordain'd ſo certainly vnalterable,
What can the vſe of prouidence preuaile?

Belforeſt, Leuidulcia, Caſtabella, attended.

Bel. Morrow my Lord *Montferrers*, Lord *D'amville*.
Good morrow Gentlemen. Couzen *Charlemont!*
Kindly good morrow. Troth I was afeard
I ſhould ha'come too late, to tell you that
I wiſh your vndertakings a ſucceſſe
That may deſerue the meaſure of their worth.
Char. My Lord; my dutie would not let me goe,
Without receiuing your commandements.

Bel. Accomplements are more for ornament,
Then vse. Wee should imploy no time in them,
But what our serious businesse will admit.
Mont. Your fauour had by his duty beene preuented,
If we had not with-held him in the way.
D'am. Hee was o'comming to present his seruice.
But now no more. The Cooke inuites to breakfast.
Wilt please your Lordship enter. —— Noble Lady.
Manent Charlemont and Castabella.
Charl. My noble Mistresse! this accomplement
Is like an elegant and mouing speech,
Compos'd of many sweete perswasiue points,
Which second one onother, with a fluent
Increase, and confirmation of their force,
Reseruing still the best vntill the last,
To crowne the strong impulsion of the rest
With a full conquest of the hearers sense:
Because th'impression of the last we speake
Doth alwayes longest and most constantly
Possesse the entertainment of remembrance.
So all that now salute my taking leaue,
Haue added numerously to the loue,
Wherewith I did receiue their courtesie.
But you (deare Mistresse) being the last and best
That speakes my farewell; like th'imperious cloze
Of a most sweete Oration, wholy haue
Possess'd my liking, and shall euer liue
Within the soule of my true memory.
So (Mistresse) with this kisse I take my leaue.
Casta. My worthy Seruant! you mistake th'intent
Of kissing. T'was not meant to separate
A paire of Louers; but to be the seale
Of Loue; importing by the ioyning of
Our mutuall and incorporated breathes,
That we should breath but one contracted life.
Or stay at home, or let me goe with you.
Charl. My *Castabella!* for my selfe to stay,

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Or you to goe, would either taxe my youth
With a dishonourable weakenesse, or
Your louing purpose with immodestie.

Enter Languebeau Snusse.

And for the satisfaction of your loue,
Heere comes a man whose knowledge I haue made
A witnesse to the contract of our vowes,
Which my returne by marriage shall confirme.

Lang. I salute you both with the spirit of copulation, I am already informed of your matrimoniall purposes, and will giue testimonie to the integritie.

Casta. O the sad trouble of my fearefull soule!
My faithfull seruant! did you neuer heare,
That when a certaine great man went to th'warre,
The louely face of heau'n was masqu'd with sorrow,
The sighing windes did moue the breast of earth,
The heauie cloudes hung downe their mourning heads,
And wept sad showers the day that hee went hence,
As if that day presag'd some ill successe,
That fatallie should kill his happinesse;
And so it came to passe. Me thinkes my eyes
(Sweet Heau'n forbid) are like those weeping cloudes,
And as their showers presag'd so doe my teares,
Some sad euent will follow my sad feares.

Charl. Fie, superstitious? is it bad to kisse?

Casta. May all my feares hurt me no more then this.

Lang. Fie, fie, fie, these carnall kisses doe stirre vp the Concupisences of the flesh.

Enter Belforest and Leuidulcia.

Leuid. O! heer's your daughter vnder her seruants lips.

Charl. Madame, there is no cause you should mistrust
The kisse I gaue, t'was but a parting one.

Leuid. A lustie bloud! Now by the lip of Loue
Were I to choose, your ioyning one for mee.

Bel. Your Father stayes to bring you on the way.
Farewell. The great commander of the warre
Prosper the course you vndertake. Farewell.

Charl.

Charl. My Lord! I humbly take my leaue. Madame! I kisse your hand. —— And your sweet lip. —— Farewell.

Manent Charlemont and Languebean.

Her power to speake is perish'd in her teares.
Something within me would perswade my stay,
But Reputation will not yeeld vnto't.
Deare Sir, you are the man whose honest trust
My confidence hath chosen for my friend.
I feare my absence will discomfort her.
You haue the power and opportunitie
To moderate her passion. Let her griefe
Receiue that friendship from you; and your Loue
Shall not repent it selfe of courtesie.

Lang. Sir, I want words and protestation to insinuate into your credit; but in plainnesse and truth, I wil quallifie her griefe with the spirit of consolation.

Charl. Sir, I will take your friendship vp at vse.
And feare not that your profit shall be small;
Your interest shall exceede your principall. *Exit Charl.*

Enter D'amville *and* Borachio.

D'am. Mounsieur *Languebean!* Happily encountred. The honestie of your conuersation, makes me request more int'rest in your familiaritie.

Lang. If your Lordship will be pleased to salute me without ceremonie, I shall be willing to exchange my seruice for your fauour; but this worshipping kinde of entertainment, is a superstitious vanitie; in plainnesse and truth I loue it not.

D'am. I embrace your disposition; and desire to giue you as liberall assurance of my loue, as my Lord *Belforest* your deserued fauourer.

Lan. His Lordship is pleased with my plainnesse and truth of conuersation.

D'am. It cannot displease him. In the behauiour of his noble daughter *Castabella*; a man may read her worth and your instruction.

Lang. That Gentlewoman is most sweetly modest, faire, honest, handsome, wise, well-borne, and rich.

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D'am. You haue giuen me her picture in small.

Lang. Shee's like your Dyamond; a temptation in euery mans eye, yet not yeelding to any light impression her selfe.

D'am. The praise is hers; but the comparison your owne.

Gives him the Ring.

Lan. You shall forgiue me that, Sir.

D'am. I will not doe so much at your request as forgiue you it. I will onely giue you it Sir. By —— You will make mee sweare.

Lan. O! by no meanes. Prophane not your lippes with the foulnesse of that sinne. I will rather take it. To saue your oath, you shall lose your Ring.—— Verily my Lord, my praise came short of her worth. Shee exceedes a Iewell. This is but onely for ornament; Shee both for ornament and vse.

D'am. Yet vnprofitably kept without vse. Shee deserues a worthy Husband, Sir. I haue often wish'd a match betweene my elder Sonne and her. The marriage would ioyne the houses of *Belforest* and *Damville* into a noble alliance.

Lan. And the vnitie of Families is a worke of loue and charitie.

D'am. And that worke an imployment well becomming the goodnesse of your disposition.

Lan. If your Lordship please to impose it vpon mee; I will carry it without any second end, the surest way to satisfie your wish.

D'am. Most ioyfully accepted. —— *Rousard!* Here are Letters to my Lord *Belforest* touching my desire to that purpose.

Enter Rousard *sickely.*

Rousard! I send you a suitor to *Castabella.* To this Gentlemans discretion I commit the managing of your suite His good successe shall be most thankefull to your trust. Follow his instructions, he will be your leader.

Lan. In plainnesse and truth.

Rous. My leader? does your Lordship thinke mee too weake to giue the on-set my selfe.

Lan. I will onely assist your proceedings.

Rous.

Rous. To say true; so I thinke you had neede, for a sicke man can hardly get a womans good will without help.

Lan. Charlemont! thy gratuitie and my promises were both but words; and both like words shall vanish into ayre. —
For thy poore empty hand I must be mute:
This giues mee feeling of a better suite.

Exeunt Languebeau *and* Rousard.

D'am. Borachio! didst precisely note this man?

Bor. His owne profession would report him pure.

D'am. And seemes to know if any benefit,
Arises of religion after death;
Yet but compare's profession with his life;
They so directly contradict themselues,
As if the end of his instructions were
But to diuert the world from sinne, that hee
More easily might ingrosse it to himselfe.
By that I am confirm'd an Atheist.
Well! *Charlemont* is gone. And here thou seest,
His absence the foundation of my plot.

Bor. Hee is the man whom *Castabella* loues.

D'am. That was the reason I propounded him
Employment fix'd vpon a forraine place,
To draw his inclination out o'th'way.

Bor. T'has left the passage of our practise free.

D'am This *Castabella* is a wealthy heire,
And by her marriage with my elder Sonne;
My house is honour'd, and my state increas'd.
This worke alone deserues my industry:
But if it prosper, thou shalt see my braine
Make this but an induction to a point
So full of profitable policie;
That it would make the soule of honestie
Ambitious to turne villaine.

Bor. I bespeake
Employment in't. I'le be an instrument
To grace performance with dexteritie.

D'am. Thou shalt. No man shall rob thee of the honour.

Goe presently and buy a crimson Scarfe,
Like *Charlemont*: Prepare thee a disguise,
I'th'habite of a Souldiour, hurt and lame;
And then be ready at the wedding feast,
Where thou shalt haue imployment in a worke
Will please thy disposition.

Bor. As I vow'd,
Your instrument shall make your profest proud.

D'am. This marriage will bring wealth. If that succeede,
I will increase it though my Brother bleed. *Exeunt.*

Enter Castabella *auoiding the importunitie of* Rousard.

Casta. Nay good Sir, in troth if you knew how little it pleases mee, you would forbeare it.

Rous. I will not leaue thee, till thou'st entertain'd mee for thy seruant.

Casta. My seruant? You are sicke you say. You would taxe mee of indiscretion to entertaine mee that is not able to doe me seruice.

Rous. The seruice of a Gentlewoman consists most in chamber-worke, and sicke men are fittest for the chamber. I pr'ithee giue me a fauour.

Casta. Mee thinkes you haue a very sweet fauour of your owne.

Rous. I lacke but your blacke eye.

Casta. If you goe to buffets among the Boyes, they'l giue you one.

Rous. Nay if you grow bitter, Ile dispraise your blacke eye. The gray eie'd Morning makes the faireſt day.

Casta. Now that you dissemble not, I could be willing to giue you a fauour. What fauour would you haue?

Rous. Any toy: any light thing.

Casta. Fie. Will you be so vnciuill to aske a light thing at a Gentlewomans hand?

Rous. Wilt giue mee a bracelet o'thy haire then?

Casta. Doe you want haire Sir?

Rous. No faith Ile want no haire, so long as I can haue it for mony.

Casta. What would you doe with my haire then?

Rous. Weare it for thy sake sweet hart.

Casta. Doe you thinke I loue to haue my haire worne off?

Rous. Come you are so witty now, and so sensible.

Kisses her.

Casta. Tush. I would I wanted one o'my sences now.

Rous. Bitter againe? What's that? Smelling?

Casta No, no, no. Why now y'are satisfied I hope. I haue giuen you a fauour.

Rous. What fauour? a kisse? I prithee giue mee another.

Casta. Shew mee that I gaue you then.

Rous. How should I shew it?

Casta. You are vnworthie of a fauour if you will not bestow the keeping of it one minute.

Rous. Well in plaine termes, doest loue mee? That's the purpose of my comming.

Casta. Loue you? Yes Very well.

Rous. Giue mee thy hand vpon't.

Casta. Nay, you mistake mee. If I loue you very well, I must not loue you now. For now your are not very well, y'are sicke.

Rous. This Equiuocation is for the iest now.

Casta. I speak't as t'is now in fashion, in earnest. But I shall not be in quiet for you I perceiue, till I haue giuen you a fauour. Doe you loue mee?

Rous. With all my hart.

Casta. Then with all my hart, Ile giue you a Iewell to hang in your eare, —— Harke yee —— I can neuer loue you.

Exit.

Rous. Call you this a Iewell to hang in mine eare? T'is no light fauour, for Ile be sworne it comes somewhat heauily to mee. Well. I will not leaue her for all this. Mee thinkes it animates a man to stand too't, when a woman desires to be rid of him at the first sight. *Exit.*

Enter Belforest *and* Languebeau Snuffe.

Bel. I entertaine the offer of this match;

With purpose to confirme it presently.
I haue already moou'd it to my daughter;
Her soft excuses sauour'd at the first
(Methought) but of a modest innocence
Of bloud; whose vnmoou'd streame was neuer drawne
Into the current of affection. But when I
Replyed with more familiar arguments,
Thinking to make her apprehension bold;
Her modest blush fell to a pale dislike,
And shee refus'd it with such confidence,
As if shee had beene prompted by a loue
Inclining firmely to some other man,
And in that obstinacie shee remaines.

Lan. Verily that disobedience doth not become a Childe. It proceedeth from an vnsanctified libertie. You will be accessarie to your owne dishonour if you suffer it.

Bel. Your honest wisedome has aduis'd mee well.
Once more Ile moue her by perswasiue meanes.
If shee resist; all mildenesse set apart,
I will make vse of my authoritie.

Lan. And instantly, least fearing your constraint; her contrary affection teach her some deuise that may preuent you.

Bel. To cut off eu'ry opportunitie,
Procrastination may assist her with;
This instant night shee shall be marryed.

Lan. Best.

Enter Castabella.

Casta. Please it your Lordship, my mother attends
I'th' Gallerie, and desires your conference.

Exit Belforest.

This meanes I vs'd to bring mee to your eare.
Time cuts off circumstance; I must be briefe.
To your integritie did *Charlemont*
Commit the contract of his loue and mine.
Which now so strong a hand seekes to diuide:
That if your graue aduise assist me not,
I shall be forc'd to violate my faith.

Lan. Since *Charlemont's* absence, I haue waighed his loue with the spirit of consideration; and in sinceritie I finde it to be friuolous and vaine. With-draw your respect; his affection deserueth it not.

Casta. Good sir; I know your heart cannot prophane
The holinesse you make profession of;
With such a vitious purpose, as to breake
The vow, your owne consent did help to make.

Lan. Can he deserue your loue, who in neglect of your delightfull conuersation; and in obstinate contempt of all your prayers and teares; absents himselfe so far from your sweet fellowship, and with a purpose so contracted to that absence, that you see hee purchases your separation with the hazard of his bloud and life; fearing to want pretence to part your companies?— T'is rather hate that doth diuision moue; Loue still desires the presence of his Loue. —— Verily, hee is not of the Familie of Loue.

Casta. O doe not wrong him. T'is a generous minde
That ledde his disposition to the warre:
For gentle loue and noble courage are
So neare allyed; that one begets another:
Or, Loue is Sister, and Courage is the Brother.
Could I affect him better then before,
His Souldiers heart would make me loue him more.

Lan. But *Castabella.* —— *Enter* Leuidulcia.

Leu. Tush, you mistake the way into a woman,
The passage lyes not through her reason, but her bloud.

Exit Languebeau, Castabella *about to follow.*

Nay, stay! How wouldst thou call the childe,
That being rais'd with cost and tendernesse,
To full habilitie of body and meanes;
Denies reliefe vnto the parents, who
Bestow'd that bringing vp?

Casta. Vnnaturall.

Leu. Then *Castabella* is vnnaturall.
Nature the louing mother of vs all,
Brought forth a woman for her owne reliefe;

By generation to reuiue her age.
Which now thou hast habilitie and meanes
Presented; most vnkindly dost deny.
Casta. Belieue me Mother; I doe loue a man.
Leu. Preferr'st th'affection of an absent Loue,
Before the sweet possession of a man;
The barren minde before the fruitfull body;
Where our creation has no reference
To man; but in his body: being made
Onely for generation; which (vnlesse
Our children can be gotten by conceit)
Must from the body come. If Reason were
Our counsellour, wee would neglect the worke
Of generation, for the prodigall
Expence it drawes vs too of that which is
The wealth of life. Wise Nature (therefore) hath
Reseru'd for an inducement to our sence,
Our greatest pleasure in that greatest worke.
Which being offer'd thee; thy ignorance
Refuses, for th'imaginarie ioy
Of an vnsatisfied affection, to
An absent man. Whose bloud once spent i'th'warre;
Then hee'l come home, sicke, lame and impotent;
And wed thee to a torment; like the paine
Of *Tantalus*, continuing thy desire,
With fruitlesse presentation of the thing
It loues; still moou'd, and still vnsatisfied.

Enter Belforest, Da'mville, Rousard, Sebastian, Languebeau, &c.

Bel. Now *Leuidulcia!* Hast thou yet prepar'd
My Daughters loue to entertaine this Man?
Her husband here?
Leu. I'm but her mother i'law;
Yet if shee were my very flesh and bloud,
I could aduise no better for good.
Rous. Sweet wife! Thy ioyfull husband thus salutes
Thy cheeke.

Casta. My husband? O! I am betraid. —
Deare friend of *Charlemont*! your puritie
Professes a diuine contempt o'th'world;
O be not brib'd by that you so neglect,
In being the worlds hated instrument,
To bring a iust neglect vpon your selfe! — *Kneele from one*
Deare Father! let me but examine my *to another.*
Affection. —Sir, your prudent iudgement can
Perswade your sonne that t'is improuident
To marry one whose disposition, he
Did ne'er obserue. — Good sir, I may be of
A nature so vnpleasing to your minde;
Perhaps you'l curse the fatall houre wherein
You rashly marryed me.

D'am. My Lord *Belforest*!
I would not haue her forc'd against her choise.

Bel. Passion o'me thou peeuish girle. I charge
Thee by my blessing, and th'authoritie
I haue to claime th'obedience; marry him.

Casta. Now *Charlemont*! O my presaging teares!
This sad euent hath follow'd my sad feares.

Seba. A rape, a rape, a rape!

Bel. How now?

D'am. What's that?

Seba. Why what is't but a Rape to force a wench to marry, since it forces her to lie with him she would not?

Lan. Verily, his Tongue is an vnsanctified member.

Seba. Verily, your grauitie becomes your perish'd soule, as hoary mouldinesse does rotten fruit.

Bel. Couzen, y'are both vnciuill and prophane.

D'am. Thou disobedient villaine; get thee out of my sight. Now by my Soule Ile plague thee for this rudenesse.

Bel. Come; set forward to the Church. *Exeunt.*

Manet Sebastian.

Seba. And verifie the Prouerbe. The nearer the Church; the further from God. —— Poore wench. For thy sake, may his habilitie die in his appetite; that thou beest not troubled

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with him thou loueſt not. May his appetite moue thy deſire to another man: ſo hee ſhall helpe to make himſelfe Cuckold. And let that man be one that he payes wages too: ſo thou ſhalt profit by him thou hateſt. Let the Chambers be matted, the hinges oyl'd, the curtaine rings ſilenced, and the chamber-maid hold her peace at his owne requeſt, that he may ſleepe the quietlier. And in that ſleepe let him be ſoundly cuckolded. And when hee knowes it, and ſeekes to ſue a diuorce; let him haue no other ſatisfaction then this: *Hee lay by and ſlept: the Law will take no hold of her, becauſe he wink'd at it.* *Exit.*

Actus ſecundi Scena prima.

Muſicke. A banquet. In the night.

Enter D'amville, Belforeſt, Leuidulcia, Rouſard, Caſtabella, Languebeau Snuffe, *at one doore. At the other doore,* Cataplaſma *and* Soquette, *uſher'd by* Freſco.

Leuidulcia.

MIſtreſſe *Cataplaſma!* I expected you an houre ſince.

Cata. Certaine Ladies at my houſe (Madame) detain'd mee; otherwiſe I had attended your Ladiſhip ſooner.

Leu. Wee are beholding to you for you companie. My Lord; I pray you bid theſe Gentlewomen welcome: th'are my inuited friends.

D'am. Gentlewomen, y'are welcome, pray ſit downe.

Leu. Freſco! by my Lord *D'amville's* leaue I prithee goe into the Buttry. Thou ſha't finde ſome o'my men there; if they bid thee not welcome, they are very Loggerheads.

Freſ. If your Loggerheads will not, your Hoggeſheads ſhall Madame, if I get into the Buttry. *Exit.*

D'am. That fellowes diſpoſition to mirth ſhould be our preſent example. Let's be graue and meditate, when our affaires require our ſerioufnes. T'is out of ſeaſon to be heauily diſpoſed.

Leu. We ſhould be all wound vp into the key of Mirth.

D'am.

D'am. The Musicke there.

Bel. Where's my Lord *Montferrers?* Tell him here's a roome attends him. *Enter* Montferrers.

Mont. Heauen giue your marriage that I am depriu'd of, ioy.

D'am. My Lord *Belforeſt! Caſtabella's* health.

D'amville *drinkes.*

Set ope'the Sellar dores, and let this health goe freely round the houſe.——— Another to your Sonne, my Lord: To noble *Charlmont.* Hee is a Souldier. Let the Inſtruments of warre congratulate his memorie.—— *Drums and Trumpets.*

Enter a Seruant.

Ser. My Lord, here's one i'th'habite of a Souldier ſaies hee is newly return'd from Oſtend, and has ſome buſineſſe of import to ſpeake.

D'am. Oſtend! let him come in. My ſoule fore-tels hee brings the newes will make our Muſicke full. My brothers ioy would doe't: and here comes hee will raiſe it.

Enter Borachio *diſguiſed.*

Mont. O my ſpirit, it does diſſwade my tongue to queſtion him, as if it knew his anſwere would diſpleaſe.

D'am. Souldier! what newes? wee heard a rumour of a blow you gaue the enemie.

Bor T'is very true my Lord.

Bel. Canſt thou relate it.

Bor. Yes.

D'am. I Prithee doe.

Bor. The enemie, defeated of a faire
Aduantage by a flattring ſtratagem;
Plants all th'Artillerie againſt the Towne.
Whoſe thunder and lightning made our bulwarkes ſhake;
And threatned in that terrible report,
The ſtorme wherewith they meant to ſecond it.
Th'aſſault was generall. But for the place
That promis'd moſt aduantage to be forc'd;
The pride of all their Army was drawne forth,
And equally diuided into Front,

And Rere. They march'd. And comming to a ſtand,
Ready to paſſe our Channell at an ebbe,
W'aduis'd it for our ſafeſt courſe, to draw
Our ſluices vp and mak't vnpaſſable.
Our Gouernour oppos'd; and ſuffered 'em
To charge vs home e'en to the Rampiers foot.
But when their front was forcing vp our breach,
At puſh o'pike, then did his pollicie
Let goe the ſluices, and trip'd vp the heeles
Of the whole bodie of their troupe, that ſtood
Within the violent current of the ſtreame.
Their front beleaguer'd twixt the water and
The Towne; ſeeing the floud was growne too deepe,
To promiſe them a ſafe retreate; expos'd
The force of all their ſpirits, (like the laſt
Expiring gaſpe of a ſtrong harted man)
Vpon the hazard of one charge; but were
Oppreſs'd and fell. The reſt that could not ſwimme,
Were onely drown'd; but thoſe that thought to ſcape
By ſwimming, were by murtherers that flanker'd,
The leuell of the floud, both drow'nd and ſlaine.

D'am. Now by my ſoule (Souldier) a braue ſeruice.

Mont. O what became of my deare *Charlemont?*

Bor. Walking next day vpon the fatall ſhore,
Among the ſlaughter'd bodies of their men,
Which the full-ſtomack'd Sea had caſt vpon
The ſands, it was m'vnhappy chance to light
Vpon a face, whoſe fauour when it liu'd
My aſtoniſh'd minde inform'd me I had ſeene.
Hee lay in's Armour; as if that had beene
His Coffine, and the weeping Sea (like one;
Whoſe milder temper doth lament the death
Of him whom in his rage he ſlew) runnes vp
The Shoare; embraces him; kiſſes his cheeke,
Goes backe againe and forces vp the Sandes
To burie him; and eu'rie time it parts,
Sheds teares vpon him; till at laſt (as if

It could no longer endure to see the man
Whom it had slaine, yet loath to leaue him;) with
A kinde of vnresolu'd vnwilling pace,
Winding her waues one in another, like
A man that foldes his armes, or wrings his hands
For griefe; ebb'd from the body and descends:
As if it would sinke downe into the earth,
And hide it selfe for shame of such a deede.

D'am. And Souldier; who was this?

Mont. O *Charlemont!*

Bor. Your feare hath told you that whereof my griefe
Was loath to be the messenger.

Casta. O God. *Exit* Castabella.

D'am. *Charlemont* drown'd? Why how could that be? since it was the aduerse partie that receiued the ouerthrow.

Bor. His forward spirit press'd into the front;
And being engag'd within the enemie,
When they retreated through the rising streame;
I'the violent confusion of the throng
Was ouerborne and perish'd in the floud.
And here's the sad remembrance of his life, —— *The Scarfe.*
Which for his sake I will for euer weare.

Mont. Torment me not with witnesses of that,
Which I desire, not to beleeue; yet must.

D'am. Thou art a Scrichowle; and dost come i'night
To be the cursed messenger of death.
Away. Depart my house; or (by my soule)
You'l finde me a more fatall enemie,
Then euer was Ostend. Be gone. Dispatch.

Bor. Sir t'was my loue.

D'am. Your loue to vexe my heart with that I hate?
Harke, doe you heare? you, knaue? ——
O th'art a most delicate sweete eloquent villaine!

Bor. Was't not well counterfaited?

D'am. Rarely. —— Be gone. I will not here reply.

Bor. Why then farewell. I will not trouble you.

Exit.

D'am. So. The foundation's laid. Now by degrees,
The worke will rise and soone be perfected.
O this vncertaine state of mortall man!
Bel. What then? it is th'ineuitable fate
Of all things vnderneath the Moone.
D'am. T'is true.
Brother for healths sake ouercome your griefe.
Mont. I cannot sir. I am vncapable
Of comfort. My turne will be next. I feele
My selfe not well.
D'am. You yeeld too much to griefe.
Lang. All men are mortall. The houre of death is vncertaine. Age makes sicknesse the more dangerous. And griefe is subiect to distraction. You know not how soone you may be depriu'd of the benefit of sense. In my vnderstanding (therefore) you shall doe well if you be sicke to set your state in present order. Make your Will.
D'am. I haue my wish. —— Lights for my Brother.
Mont. Ile withdraw a while;
And craue the honest counsell of this man.
Bel. With all my heart. I pray attend him sir.
Exeunt Montferrers *and* Snuffe.
This next roome please your Lordship.
D'am. Where you will.
Exeunt Belforest *and* D'amville.
Leuid. My Daughter's gone. Come Sonne. Mistresse *Cataplasma*, come; wee'l vp into her chamber. I'de faine see how she entertaines the expectation of her husbands bedfellowship.
Rou. 'Faith howsoeuer shee entertaines it; I shall hardly please her; therefore let her rest.
Leuid. Nay, please her hardly and you please her best.
Exeunt.
Enter 3. Seruants *drunke, drawing in* Fresco.
1 Ser. Boy! fill some drinke Boy.
Fresco. Enough good Sir; not a drop more by this light.
2. Not by this light? Why then put out the candles and wee'l drinke i'the darke and t'wut old Boy.

Fres.

Fres. No, no, no, no, no.

3. Why then take thy liquour. A health *Fresco.* *kneele.*

Fres. Your health will make me sicke sir.

1. Then t'will bring you o'your knees I hope sir.

Fres. May I not stand and pledge it sir?

2. I hope you will doe as wee doe.

Fres. Nay then indeed I must not stand, for you cannot.

3. Well said old boy.

Fres. Old boy, you'l make me a young childe anon: for if I continue this, I shall scarce be able to goe alone.

1. My body is as weake as water, *Fresco.*

Fres. Good reason sir, the beere has sent all the malt vp into your braine, and left nothing but the water in your body.

Enter D'amville *and* Borachio *closely obseruing their drunkennesse.*

D'am. *Borachio!* seest those fellowes?

Bor. Yes my Lord.

D'am. Their drunkennesse that seemes ridiculous,
Shall be a serious instrument, to bring
Our sober purposes to their successe.

Bor. I am prepar'd for th'execution, sir.

D'am. Cast off this habite, and about it straight.

Bor. Let them drinke healthes, & drowne their braines i'the flood; Ile promise them they shall be pledg'd in bloud. *Exit.*

1. You ha'left a damnable snuffe here.

2. Doe you take that in snuffe Sir?

1. You are a damnable rogue then. —— *together by th'eares.*

D'am. Fortune I honour thee. My plot still rises,
According to the modell of mine owne desires. ——
Lights for my Brother. —— What ha'you drunke your selues mad you knaues.

1. My Lord the Iackes abus'd mee.

D'am. I thinke they are the Iackes indeed that haue abus'd thee. Dost'heare? that fellow is a proud knaue. Hee has abus'd thee. As thou goest ouer the fields by and by, in lighting my brother home, Ile tell thee what'sha't doe. Knocke him ouer the pate with thy torch, Ile beare the out in't.

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2. I will ſindge the gooſe by this torch. *Exit.*

D'am. Doeſt heare; fellow. Seeſt thou that proud knaue, I haue giuen him a leſſon for his ſawcineſſe. H'as wrong'd thee. Ile tell thee what 'ſha't doe: As we goe ouer the fields by and by, clap him ſodainely o'er the coxe-combe with thy torch, Ile beare thee out in't.

2. I will make him vnderſtand as much.

Exit.

Enter Languebeau Snuffe.

D'am. Now Mounſieur Snuffe! What has my brother done?

Lan. Made his Will; and by that Will made you his heyre; with this prouiſo, that as occaſion ſhall hereafter moue him; hee may reuoke or alter it when he pleaſes.

D'am. Yes. Let him if he can. —— Ile make it ſure from his reuoking. *Aſide.*

Enter Montferrers *and* Belforeſt, *attended with lights.*

Mont. Brother now good night.

D'am. The skie is darke, wee'l bring you o'er the fields.
Who can but ſtrike, wants wiſedome to maintaine:
Hee that ſtrikes ſafe and ſure, has heart and braine.

Exeunt.

Enter Caſtabella *alone.*

Caſta. O Loue! thou chaſt affection of the Soule,
Without th'adultrate mixture of the bloud;
That vertue which to goodneſſe addeth good:
The minion of heauens heart. Heauen! is't my fate
For louing that thou lou'ſt to get thy hate?
Or was my *Charlemont* thy choſen Loue?
And therefore haſt receiu'd him to thy ſelfe?
Then I confeſſe thy anger's not vniuſt.
I was thy riuall: Yet to be diuorc'd
From loue, has beene a puniſhment enough,
(Sweete heauen) without being marryed vnto hate,
Hadſt thou beene pleas'd: O double miſerie!
Yet ſince thy pleaſure hath inflicted it,
If not my heart, my dutie ſhall ſubmit.

Enter

Enter Leuidulcia, Rousard, Cateplasma, Soquette, *and* Fresco *with a lanthorne.*

Leu. Mistresse *Cataplasma*, good night. I pray when your Man has brought you home, let him returne and light me to my house.

Cata. He shall instantly waite on your Ladiship.

Leu. Good Mistresse *Cataplasma*; for my seruants are all drunke; I cannot be beholding to'em for their attendance.

Exeunt Cataplasma, Soquette, *and* Fresco.

O here's your Bride.

Rous. And melancholique too, me thinkes.

Leu. How can shee choose? your sicknesse will
Distaste th'expected sweetnesse o'the night.
That makes her heauie.

Rou. That should make her light.

Leu. Looke you to that.

Casta. What sweetnesse speake you of?
The sweetnesse of the night consists in rest.

Rou. With that sweetnesse thou shalt be surely blest,
Vnlesse my groning wake thee. Doe not moane.

Leu. Sh'ad rather you would wake, and make her grone.

Rou. Nay 'troth sweete heart, I will not trouble thee.
Thou shalt not lose thy maiden-head too night.

Casta. O might that weakenesse euer be in force;
I neuer would desire to sue diuorce!

Rou. Wilt goe to bed.

Casta. I will attend you, Sir.

Rou. Mother, good night.

Leu. Pleasure be your bed-fellow.

Exeunt Rousard *and* Castabella.

Why sure their Generation was asleepe,
When shee begot those Dormice; that shee made
Them vp so weakely and imperfectly.
One wants desire; the tother habilitie.
When my affection euen with their cold blouds
(As snow rub'd through an actiue hand, does make
The flesh to burne) by agitation is

Inflam'd. I could vnbrace, and entertaine
The ayre to coole it.

Enter Sebastian.

Seba. That but mitigates
The heate; rather imbrace and entertaine
A younger brother; he can quench the fire.

Leu. Can you so, sir? now I beshrew your eare.
Why bold *Sebastian*, how dare you approach
So neare the presence of your displeas'd Father.

Seba. Vnder the protection of his present absence.

Leu. Belike you knew he was abroad then.

Seba. Yes.
Let me encounter you so; Ile perswade
Your meanes to reconcile me to his loue.

Leu. Is that the way? I vnderstand you not.
But for your reconcilement, meete m'at home;
Ile satisfie your suite.

Seba. Within this halfe houre?

Exit Sebastian.

Leu. Or within this whole houre. When you will.——
A lusty bloud! has both the presence and the spirit of a man.
I like the freedome of his behauiour.—— Ho ——*Sebastian!*
Gone?——Has set my bloud o'boyling i'my veynes And now (like water pour'd vpon the ground, that mixes it selfe with eu'ry moysture it meetes) I could claspe with any man.

Enter Fresco *with a Lanthorne.*

O *Fresco!* Art thou come? If tother faile, then thou art entraind.
Lust is a Spirit, which whosoe'er doth raise;
The next man that encounters boldly, layes. *Exeunt.*

Enter Borachio *warily and hastily ouer the Stage, with a stone in eyther hand.*

Bor. Such stones men vse to raise a house vpon;
But with these stones I goe to ruine one. *Descends.*

Enter two Seruants drunke fighting with their torches, D'amville, Montferrers, Belforest, *and* Langue-beau Snuffe.

Bel. Passion o'me, you drunken knaues, you'l put the lights out.

D'am. No my Lord; th'are but in ieast.

1. Mine's out.

D'am. Then light it at his head, that's light enough.—— Foregod, th'are out. You drunken Rascals backe and light'em.

Bel. T'is exceeding darke. *Exeunt Seruants.*

D'am. No matter. I am acquainted with the way. Your hand. Let's easily walke. Ile lead you till they come.

Mont. My soule's oppresst with griefe. T'lies heauie at my heart, O my departed Sonne! ere long I shall be with thee.

D'amville *thrusts him downe into the grauell pit.*

D'am. Marry God forbid.

Mont. O, o, o.

D'am. Now all the hoste of heauen forbid. Knaues, Rogues.

Bel. Pray God hee be not hurt! hee's falne into the grauell pit.

D'am. Brother! deare Brother! Rascals, villaines, knaues.

Enter the Seruants with lights.

Eternall darkenesse damne you; come away. Goe round about into the grauell pit, and helpe my Brother vp. Why what a strange vnlucky night is this? Is't not my Lord? I thinke that Dogge that howl'd the newes of griefe, that fatall Scrichowle vsherd on this mischiefe.

Enter with the murdred body.

Lan. Mischiefe indeed my Lord. Your Brother's dead.

Bel. Hee's dead.

Ser. Hee's dead.

D'am. Dead be your tongues. Drop out mine eye-bals, and let enuious Fortune play at tennis with'em. Haue I liu'd to this? Malicious Nature! hadst thou borne me blinde; th'adst yet been something fauourable to me. No breath? No motion? 'prithee tell me heauen! hast shut thine eye to winke at murther; or hast put this sable garment on, to mourne at's death? Not one poore sparke in the whole spatious skye, of all that endlesse number would vouchsafe to shine? You vize-royes to the King of nature! whose constellations gouerne mortall births; where is that fatall Planet rul'd at his Natiuitie? That might ha'pleas'd to light him out, as well into th'world; vnlesse it be asham'd

Thaue beene the instrument of such a good mans cursed destinie.———

Belf. Passions transports you. Recollect your selfe.
Lament him not. Whether our deaths be good
Or bad; it is not death but life that tryes;
Hee liu'd well, (therefore) questionlesse, well dyes.

D'am. I. Tis an easie thing for him that has no paine to talke of patience. Doe you thinke that Nature has no feeling?

Belf. Feeling? Yes. But has she purpos'd any thing for nothing? What good receiues this body by your griefe? Whether is't more vnnaturall not to grieue for him you cannot helpe with it; or hurt your selfe with grieuing and yet grieue in vaine?

D'am. Indeede had hee beene taken from mee like a piece o'dead flesh, I should neither ha' felt it, nor grieued for't. But come hether, 'pray looke heere. Behold the liuely tincture of his bloud! Neither the Dropsie nor the Iaundies in't. But the true freshnesse of a sanguine red; for all the fogge of this blacke murdrous night has mix'd with it. For any thing I know, hee might ha' liu'd till doomesday, and ha' done more good then either you or I. O Brother! He was a man of such a natiue goodnesse; as if Regeneration had beene giuen him in his mothers wombe. So harmeles, that rather then ha' trod vpon a worme, hee would ha' shun'd the way. So deerely pittifull, that e're the poore could aske his charity with dry eyes, hee gaue 'em reliefe wi' teares——— with teares——— yes faith with teares.

Belf. Take vp the Corps. For wisedom's sake let reason fortifie this weakenesse.

D'am. Why what would you ha' mee doe? Foolish Nature will haue her course in spight o'wisedome. But I haue e'en done. All these wordes were but a great winde, and now this showre of teares has layd it, I am calme againe. You may set forward when you will. Ile follow you, like one that must and would not.

Lang. Our opposition will but trouble him.

Belf. The griefe that melts to teares, by it selfe is spent,
Passion resisted, growes more violent. *Exeunt.*

Manet

Manet D'amville. Borachio *ascends.*

D'am. Here's a sweete Comedie. T'begins with O *dolentis*, and concludes with ha,ha,he.

Bor. Ha,ha, he.

D'am. O my eccho! I could stand reuerberating this sweete musicall ayre of ioy, till I had perish'd my sound lungs with violent laughter. Louely Night-Rauen! th'ast seaz'd a carkasse.

Bor. Put him out on's paine. I lay so fitly vnderneath the hancke from whence he fell; that e'er his faltring tongue could vtter double Oo; I knock'd out's braines with this faire Rubie. And had another stone iust of this forme and bignesse ready: that I laid i'the broken skull vpo'the ground for's pillow; against the which they thought he fell and perish'd.

D'am. Vpon this ground Ile build my Manour-house;
And this shall be the chiefest corner stone.

Bor. T'has crown'd the most iudicious murder, that
The braine of man was e'er deliuer'd of.

D'am. I. Marke the plot. Not any circumstance
That stood within the reach of the designe,
Of persons, dispositions, matter, time or place,
But by this braine of mine, was made
An Instrumentall help; yet nothing from
Th'induction to th'accomplishment seem'd forc'd,
Or done o'purpose, but by accident.

Bor. First, my report that *Charlemont* was dead,
Though false; yet couer'd with a masque of truth.

D'am. I, and deliuer'd in as fit a time.
When all our mindes so wholy were possess'd
With one affaire, that no man would suspect
A thought imploi'd for any second end.

Bor. Then the Precisian to be ready, when
Your brother spake of death, to moue his Will.

D'am. His businesse cal'd him thither; and it fell
Within his office; vnrequested to't.
From him it came religiously; and sau'd
Our proiect from suspition: which if I
Had mou'd had beene endanger'd.

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Bor. Then your healths.
Though seeming but the ordinarie rites,
And ceremonies due to festiuals :——
D'am. Yet vs'd by me to make the seruants drunke.
An instrument the plot could not haue miss'd.
T'was easie to set drunkards by the eares :
Th'ad nothing but their torches to fight with;
And when those lights were out;
Bor. Then darkenesse did
Protect the execution of the worke,
Both from preuention and discouerie.
D'am. Here was a murther brauely carryed, through
The eye of obseruation, vnobseru'd.
Bor. And those that saw the passage of it, made
The Instruments yet knew not what they did.
D'am. That power of rule Philosophers ascribe
To him they call the supreame of the Starres;
Making their influences gouernours
Of Sublunarie Creatures; when their selues
Are senseleste of their operations.

Thunder and Lightning.

What! Doest start at thunder? Credit my beliefe, t'is a meere effect of nature. An exhalation hot and dry, inuolu'd within a watrie vapour i'the middle religion of the ayre. Whose coldnesse congealing that thicke moysture to a cloud: the angry exhalation shut within a prison of contrary qualitie, striues to be free; and with the violent eruption through the grossenesse of that cloud; makes this noyse we heare.

Bor. T'is a fearefull noyse.

D'am. T'is a braue noyse. And mee thinkes graces our accompliss'd proiect, as a peale of Ordnance does a triumph. It speakes encouragement. Now Nature shewes thee how it fauour'd our performance; to forbeare this noyse when wee set forth, because it should not terrifie my brothers going home; which would haue dash'd our purpose: To forbeare this lightning in our passage, least it should ha'warn'd him o'the pitfall. Then propitious Nature winck'd at our proceedings;

now it doth expresse, how that forbearance fauour'd our successe.

Bor. You haue confirm'd mee. For it followes well;
That Nature (since her selfe decay doth hate)
Should fauour those that strengthen their estate.

D'am. Our next endeauour is; since on the false report that *Charlemont* is dead, depends the fabrique of the worke; to credit that with all the countenance wee can.

Bor. Faith Sir, euen let his owne inheritance, whereof y'aue dispossess'd him, countenance the act. Spare so much out of that, to giue him a solempnitie of funerall. T'will quit the cost; and make your apprehension of his death appeare more confident and true.

D'am. Ile take thy counsell. Now farewell blacke night;
Thou beauteous Mistresse of a murderer:
To honour thee, that hast accomplish'd all;
Ile weare thy colours at his funerall.

Exeunt.

Enter Leuidulcia *into her chamber man'd by* Fresco.

Leu. Th'art welcome into my chamber; *Fresco*. Prithee shut the dore. —— Nay thou mistakest me. Come in and shut it.

Fres. T'is somewhat late Madame.

Leu. No matter. I haue somewhat to say to thee. What? is not thy mistresse towards a husband yet?

Fres. Faith Madame, shee has suitors. But they will not suite her me thinkes. They will not come off lustily it seemes.

Leu. They will not come on lustily, thou wouldst say.

Fres. I meane (Madame) they are not rich enough.

Leu. But I (*Fresco*) they are not bold enough. Thy Mistresse is of a liuely attractiue bloud *Fresco*. And in troth shee's o'my minde for that. A poore spirit is poorer then a poore purse. Giue me a fellow that brings not onely temptation with him, but has the actiuitie of wit, and audacitie of spirit to apply euery word and gesture of a womans speech and behauiour to his owne desire; and make her beleeue shee's the suitor her selfe. Neuer giue backe till he has made her yeeld to'it.

Fres.

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Fresc. Indeede among our equals Madame; but otherwise we shall be put horribly out o'countenance.

Leu. Thou art deceiu'd, *Fresco.* Ladyes are as courteous as Yeomens wiues, and me thinkes they should be more gentle. Hot diet and soft ease makes 'em (like waxe alwaies kept warme) more easie to take impression. —— Prithee vntie my shooe. —— What? art thou shamefac'd too? Goe roundly to worke man. My legge is not goutie: t'will endure the feeling I warrant thee Come hither *Fresco*; thine eare. —— S'daintie; I mistooke the place. I miss'd thine eare and hit thy lip.

Fresc. Your Ladiship has made me blush.

Leu. That showes th'art full o'lustie bloud, and thou knoweest not how to vse it. Let mee see thy hand. Thou shouldst not be shamefac'd by thy hand, *Fresco.* Here's a brawny flesh and a hairy skinne: both signes of an able body. I doe not like these flegmaticke, smooth-skinn'd, soft-flesh'd fellowes. They are like candied Suckets, when they begin to perish; which I would alwayes emptie my Closet off, and giue 'em my chamber-maid. —— I haue some skill in Palmestry: by this line that stands directly against mee; thou shouldst be neare a good fortune, *Fresco*, if thou hadst the grace to entertaine it.

Fresc. O what is that Madame? I pray!

Leu. No lesse then the loue of a faire Lady, if thou doest not lose her with faint-heartednesse.

Fresc. A Lady, Madame? alas a Lady is a great thing, I cannot compasse her.

Leu. No? Why? I am a Lady, Am I so great I cannot be compassed? Claspe my wast and try.

Fresc. I could finde i'my heart Madame.

Sebastian *knockes within.*

Leu. Vds body; my Husband! Faint-hearted foole! I thinke thou wert begotten betweene the North-pole, and the congeal'd passage. Now like an ambitious Coward that betrayes himselfe with fearefull delay: you must suffer for the treason you neuer committed. Goe hide thy selfe behind yound'arras, instantly.

Enter

Fresco *hides himselfe.* *Enter* Sebastian.

Sebastian! What doe you here so late?

Seba. Nothing yet; but I hope I shall. —— *Kisses her.*

Leu. Y'are very bold.

Seba. And you very valiant; for you met mee at full Cariere.

Leu. You come to ha'me moue your fathers reconciliation. Ile write a word or two i'your behalfe.

Seba A word or two, Madame? that you doe for mee, will not be contain'd in lesse then the compasse of two sheetes. But in plaine termes, shall wee take the opportunitie of priuatenesse?

Leu. What to doe?

Seba. To dance the beginning of the world after the Englisn manner.

Leu. Why not after the French or Italian?

Seba. Fie. They dance it preposterously; backward.

Leu. Are you so actiue to dance?

Seba. I can shake my heeles.

Leu. Y'are well made for't.

Seba. Measure me from top to toe; you shall not finde mee differ much from the true standard of proportion.

Belforest *knockes within.*

Leu. I thinke I am accurs'd. *Sebastian!* There's one at the doore has beaten opportunitie away from vs. In briefe, I loue thee. And it shall not be long before I giue thee a testimony of it. To saue thee now from suspition; doe no more but draw thy Rapier; chafe thy selfe; and when hee comes in, rush by without taking notice of him. Onely seeme to be angry, and let me alone for the rest.

Enter Belforest.

Seba. Now by the hand of *Mercurie.*

Exit Sebastian.

Bel. What's the matter wife?

Leu. Ooh, Ooh, Husband!

Bel. Prithee what ail'st thou woman?

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Leu. O feele my pulse. It beates I warrant you. Be patient a little sweet Husband; tarry but till my breath come to me againe, and Ile satisfie you.

Bel. What ailes *Sebastian*, he lookes so distractedly?

Leu. The poore Gentleman's almost out on's wits I thinke. You remember the displeasure his Father tooke against him about the liberty of speech he vs'd euen now when your daughter went to be marryed.

Bel. Yes, what of that?

Leu. T'has craz'd him sure: he met a poore man i'the street euen now. Vpon what quarrell I know not: but hee pursued him so violently, that if my house had not beene his rescue; he had surely kild him.

Bel. What a strange desperate young man is that!

Leu. Nay husband, hee grew so in rage when hee saw the man was conueyed from him, that he was ready euen to haue drawne his naked weapon vpon mee: And had not your knocking at the doore preuented him; surely h'ad done something to mee.

Bel. Where's the man?

Leu. Alas here. I warrant you the poore fearefull soule is scarce come to himselfe againe yet. —— If the foole haue any wit hee will apprehend mee. —— Doe you heare sir! You may be bold to come forth; the Fury that haunted you is gone.

Fresco *peepes fearefully forth from behinde the Arras.*

Fres. Are you sure hee is gone?

Bel. Hee's gone; hee's gone, I warrant thee.

Fres. I would I were gone too. Has shooke mee almost into a dead palsie.

Bel. How fell the difference betweene you?

Fres. I would I were out at the backe doore.

Bel. Th'art safe enough. Prithee tell's the falling out.

Fres. Yes sir, when I haue recouered my spirits. My memory is almost frighted from mee. —— Oh so, so, so. —— Why Sir, as I came along the streete Sir; —— this same Gentleman came stumbling after mee, and trod o'my hecle, ——

I cryed O. Doe you cry ſirrah? ſaies hee. Let mee ſee your heele; if it be not hurt, Ile make you cry for ſomething. So he claps my head betweene his leggers, and pulles off my ſhooe. I hauing ſhifted no ſockes in a ſea'night, the Gentleman cryed foh; and ſaid my feete were baſe and cowardly feete, they ſtuncke for feare. Then hee knock'd my ſhooe about my pate; and I cryed O, once more. In the meane time comes a ſhag-hair'd dogge by, and rubbes againſt his ſhinnes. The Gentleman tooke the dog in ſhagge-haire to be ſome Watch-man in a rugge gowne; and ſwore hee would hang mee vp at the next doore with my lanthorne in my hand, that paſſengers might ſee their way as they went without rubbing againſt Gentlemens ſhinnes. So, for want of a Cord, hee tooke his owne garters off; and as he was going to make a nooze, I watch'd my time and ranne away. And as I ranne (indeede) I bid him hang himſelfe in his owne garters. So hee in choler, purſued mee hither as you ſee.

Bel. Why this ſauours of diſtraction.

Leu. Of meere diſtraction.

Freſ. How ſoeuer it ſauours, I am ſure it ſmels like a lye.

Bel Thou maiſt goe forth at the backe doore (honeſt fellow) the way is priuate and ſafe.

Freſ. So it had neede, for your fore-doore (here) is both common and dangerous.

Exit Belforeſt.

Leu. Good night honeſt *Freſco.*

Freſ. Good night Madame; if you get mee kiſſing o'Ladies againe. ——— *Exit* Freſco.

Leu. This fals out handſomely.
But yet the matter does not well ſucceed;
Till I haue brought it to the very deede.

Exit.

Enter Charlemont *in Armes, a* Muſquetier, *and a* Sericant.

Charl. Sericant! what houre o'the night is't.

Ser. About one.

Charl. I would you would relieue me; for I am

So heauie, that I shall ha' much adoe;
To stand out my perdu. *Thunder and Lightning.*
Ser. Ile e'en but walke
The round (sir) and then presently returne.
Sol. For God's sake Sericant relieue me, aboue fiue houres together in so foule a stormy night as this?
Ser. Why t'is a musique Souldier. Heauen and earth are now in consort, when the Thunder and the Canon play one to another. *Exit* Sericant.
Charl. I know not why I should be thus inclin'd to sleepe, I feele my disposition pres's'd with a necessitie of heauines. Souldier! if thou hast any better eyes, I prithee wake mee when the Serieant comes.
Soul. Sir, t'is so darke and stormy that I shall scarce eyther see or heare him e'er he comes vpon mee.
Charl. I cannot force my selfe to wake. —— *Sleepes.*
Enter the ghost of Montferrers.
Mont. Returne to France; for thy old Father's dead;
And thou by murther, disinherited.
Attend with patience the successe of things;
But leaue reuenge vnto the King of kings. *Exit.*
Charlemont *starts and wakes.*
Charl. O my affrighted soule! what fearefull dreame
Was this that wak'd mee? Dreames are but the rais'd
Impressions of premeditated things,
By serious apprehension left vpon
Our mindes, or else th' imaginary shapes
Of obiects proper to th' complexion, or
The dispositions of our bodyes. These
Can neyther of them be the cause, why I
Should dreame thus; for my mind has not been mou'd
With any one conception of a thought
To such a purpose; nor my nature wont
To trouble me with phantasies of terror.
It must be something that my *Genius* would
Informe me of. Now gratious heauen forbid!
O! let my Spirit be depriu'd of all

Fore-sight

Fore-sight and knowledge, ere it vnderstand
That vision acted; or diuine that act
To come. Why should I thinke so? Left I not
My worthy Father i'the kind regard
Of a most louing Vncle? Souldier! sawst
No apparition of a man?

Soul. You dreame Sir; I saw nothing.

Charl. Tush. These idle dreames
Are fabulous. Our boyling phantasies
Like troubled waters falsifie the shapes
Of things retain'd in them; and make 'em seeme
Confounded, when they are distinguish'd. So
My actions daily conuersant with warre;
(The argument of bloud and death) had left
(Perhaps) th'imaginary presence of
Some bloudy accident vpon my minde:
Which mix'd confusedly with other thoughts,
(Whereof th'remembrance of my Father, might
Be one) presented all together, seeme
Incorporate; as if his body were
The owner of that bloud, the subiect of
That death; when hee's at Paris, and that bloud
Shed here. It may be thus. I would not leaue
The warre, for reputatio'ns sake, vpon
An idle apprehension; a vaine dreame.

Enter the Ghost.

Soul. Stand. Stand, I say. No? Why then haue at thee. Sir, if you will not stand, Ile make you fall? Nor stand, nor fall? Nay then the Diuel's damme has broke her husbands head: for sure it is a Spirit, I shot it through, and yet it will not fall.

Exit.

The Ghost approaches Charlemont.

Hee fearefully auoids it.

Char. O pardon me! my doubtfull heart was slow
To credit that which I did feare to know. *Exeunt.*

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Actus tertij Scena prima.

Enter the Funerall of Montferrers.

D'amville.

SEt downe the Body. Pay earth what shee lent.
But shee shall beare a liuing monument,
To let succeeding ages truely know,
That shee is satisfied, what hee did owe:
Both principall and vse; because his worth
Was better at his death then at his birth.

A dead march. Enter the Funerall of Charlemont *as a Souldier.*

D'am. And with his Body, place that memorie
Of noble *Charlemont* his worthie Sonne.
And giue their Graues the rites that doe belong
To Souldiers. They were Souldiers both. The Father
Held open warre with Sinne; the Sonne with bloud:
This in a warre more gallant; that more good.

The first volley.

D'am. There place their Armes; and here their Epitaphes.
And may these Lines suruiue the last of graues.

The Epitaph of *Montferrers.*

HEre lye the Ashes of that earth and fire;
whose heat and fruit, did feede and warme the poore:
And they (as if they would in sighes expire,
and into teares dissolue) his death deplore.
Hee did that good freely; for goodnesse sake,
unforc'd: for gen'rousnesse he held so deare,
That hee fear'd none but him that did him make;
and yet he seru'd him more for loue then feare.
So's life prouided, that though he did dye
A sodaine death; yet dyed not sodainely.

The Epitaph of *Charlemont.*

His Body lies interr'd within this mould;
Who dyed a young man, yet departed old.
And in all strength of youth that Man can haue,
Was ready still to drop into his graue.
For ag'd in vertue with a youthfull eye,
He welcom'd it being still prepar'd to dye;
And liuing so, though young depriu'd of breath,
He did not suffer an vntimely death.
But we may say of his braue bless'd decease;
He dyed in warre; and yet hee dyed in peace.

The second volley.

D'am. O might that fire reuiue the ashes of
This Phenix! yet the wonder would not be
So great as he was good; and wondred at
For that. His liues example was so true
A practique of Religion's Theorie;
That her Diuinitie seem'd rather the
Description then th'instruction of his life.
And of his goodnesse, was his vertuous Sonne
A worthy imitatour. So that on
These two Herculean pillars, where their armes
Are plac'd; there may be writ, *Non vltra.* For
Beyond their liues as well for youth as age;
Nor young nor old, in merit or in name;
Shall e'er exceede their vertues or their fame.

The third volley.

T'is done. Thus faire accomplements, make foule
Deedes gratious. *Charlemont!* come now when t'wut,
I'ue buryed vnder these two marble stones,
Thy liuing hopes; And thy dead fathers bones. *Exeunt.*

Enter

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Enter Castabella *mourning to the monument of* Charlemont.

Casta. O thou that knowest me iustly *Charlemont*,
Though in the forc'd possession of another;
Since from thine owne free spirit wee receiue it,
That our affections cannot be compel'd,
Though our actions may; be not displeas'd, if on
The altar of his Tombe, I sacrifice
My teares. They are the iewels of my loue
Dissolued into griefe: and fall vpon
His blasted Spring; as Aprill dewe, vpon
A sweet young blossome shak'd before the time.

Enter Charlemont *with a* Seruant.

Charl. Goe see my Trunckes disposed of, Ile but walk
A turne or two i'th Church and follow you. *Exit* Seruant.
O! here's the fatall monument of my
Dead Father first presented to mine eye.
What's here? in memory of *Charlemont*?
Some false relation has abus'd beliefe.
I am deluded. But I thanke thee Heauen.
For euer let me be deluded thus.
My *Castabella* mourning o'er my Hearse?
Sweete *Castabella* rise, I am not dead.

Casta. O heauen defend mee.

Fals in a swoune.

Charl. I Beshrew my rash
And inconsid'rate passion. —— *Castabella!*
That could not thinke —— my *Castabella!* —— that
My sodaine presence might affright her sense. ——
I prithee (my affection) pardon mee. *Shee rises.*
Reduce thy vnderstanding to thine eye.
Within this habite which thy misinform'd
Conceipt takes onely for a shape; liue both
The soule and body of thy *Charlemont*.

Casta. I feele a substance, warme, and soft, and moist,
Subiect to the capacitie of sense.

Charl.

Charl. Which Spirits are not; for their essence is
Aboue the nature and the order of
Those Elements whereof our senses are
Created. Touch my lip. Why turnst thou from mee?
Cast. Griefe aboue griefes. That which should woe relieue,
Wish'd and obtain'd, giues greater cause to grieue.
Charl. Can *Castabella* thinke it cause of griefe
That the relation of my death proues false?
Casta. The presence of the person wee affect,
(Being hopelesse to enioy him) makes our griefe
More passionate then if wee saw him not.
Charl. Why not enioy? has absence chang'd thee?
Casta. Yes.
From maide to wife.
Charl. Art marryed?
Casta. O I am.
Charl. Married? had not my mother been a woman,
I should protest against the chastitie
Of all thy sexe. How can the Marchant, or
The Marriner absent whole yeares (from wiues
Experienc'd in the satisfaction of
Desire) promise themselues to finde their sheetes
Vnspotted with adultery, at their
Returne? when you that neuer had the sense
Of actuall temptation; could not stay
A few short months.
Casta. O doe but heare me speake.
Charl. But thou wert wise; and didst consider that
A Souldier might be maim'd, and so (perhaps)
Lose his habilitie to please thee.
Casta. No. That weaknes pleases me in him I haue.
Char. What? marryed to a man vnable too?
O strange incontinence! Why? was thy bloud
Increas'd to such a pleurisie of lust,
That of necessitie, there must a veyne
Be open'd; though by one that had no skill
To doe't?

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Casta. Sir, I beseech you heare me.
Charl. Speake.
Casta. Heau'n knowes I am vnguiltie of this act.
Charl. Why? wer't thou forc'd to doe't?
Casta. Heau'n knowes I was.
Charl. What villaine did it?
Casta. Your Vncle *D'amville.*
And he that dispossess'd my loue of you;
Hath disinherited you of possession.
Charl. Disinherited? wherein haue I deseru'd
To be depriu'd of my deare Fathers loue?
Casta. Both of his loue and him. His soule's at rest.
But here your iniur'd patience may behold
The signes of his lamented memorie.
Charlemont *findes his Fathers Monument.*
H'as found it. When I tooke him for a Ghoast,
I could endure the torment of my feare;
More eas'ly then I can his sorrowes heare.
Exit.
Charl. Of all mens griefes must mine be singular?
Without example? Heere I met my graue.
And all mens woes are buried i' their graues
But mine. In mine my miseries are borne.
I pr'ithee sorrow leaue a little roome,
In my confounded and tormented mind;
For vnderstanding to deliberate
The cause or author of this accident. ——
A close aduantage of my absence made,
To dispossesse me both of land and wife:
And all the profit does arise to him,
By whom my absence was first mou'd and vrg'd.
These circumstances (Vncle) tell me, you
Are the suspected author of those wrongs.
Whereof the lightest, is more heauie then
The strongest patience can endure to beare. *Exit.*
Enter D'amville, Sebastian, *and* Languebeau.
D'am. Now Sir! your businesse?

Seba.

Seba. My Annuitie.

D'am. Not a deniere.

Seba. How would you ha'me liue?

D'am. Why turne Cryer. Cannot you turne Cryer?

Seba. Yes.

D'am. Then doe so, y'haue a good voice for't. Y'are excellent at crying of a Rape.

Seba. Sir, I confesse in particular respect to your selfe, I was somewhat forgetfull. Gen'rall honestie possess'd me.

D'am. Goe, th'art the base corruption of my bloud; And like a Tetter growes't vnto my flesh.

Seba. Inflict any punishment vpon me. The seueritie shall not discourage me, if it be not shamefull; so you'l but put money i'my purse. The want of money makes a free spirit more mad then the possession does an Vsurer.

D'am. Not a farthing.

Seba. Would you ha'me turne purse-taker? T'is the next way to doe't. For want is like the Racque; it drawes a man to endanger himselfe to the gallowes rather then endure it.

Enter Charlemont, D'amville *counterfaites to take him for a ghoast.*

D'am. What art thou? Stay. Assist my troubled sence. My apprehension will distract me. Stay.

Languebeau Snuffe *auoides him fearefully.*

Seba. What art thou? speake.

Charl. The spirit of *Charlemont.*

D'am. O stay! compose me. I dissolue.

Lang. No. T'is prophane. Spirits are inuisible. T'is the fiend i'the likenesse of *Charlemont.* I will haue no conuersation with Sathan.

Exit Snuffe.

Seba. The Spirit of *Charlemont?* I'le try that.

Strike, and the blow return'd.

'Fore God thou sayest true, th'art all Spirit.

D'am. Goe call the Officers.

Exit D'amville.

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Charl. Th'art a villaine; and the Sonne of a villaine.

Seba. You lye. *Fight.*

Sebastian *is downe.*

Char. Haue at thee.

Enter the Ghost of Montferrers.

Reuenge to thee Ile dedicate this worke.

Mont. Hold *Charlemont!*

Let him reuenge my murder, and thy wrongs,
To whom the Iustice of Reuenge belongs.

Exit.

Char. You torture me betweene the passion of my bloud, and the religion of my soule,

Sebastian *rises.*

Seba. A good honest fellow.

Enter D'amville *with Officers.*

D'am. What? wounded? apprehend him. Sir; is this your salutation for the courtesie I did you when wee parted last? You ha'forgot I lent you a thousand Crownes. First, let him aunswere for this riot. When the Law is satisfied for that; an an action for his debt shall clap him vp againe. I tooke you for a Spirit; and Ile coniure you before I ha'done.

Charl. No. Ile turne Coniurer. Diuell! within this Circle, in the midst of all thy force and malice I coniure thee doe thy worst.

D'am. Away with him.

Exeunt Officers with Charlemont.

Seba. Sir, I haue got a scratch or two here for your sake. I hope you'l giue mee money to pay the Surgeon.

D'am. Borachio! fetch me a thousand Crownes. I am content to countenance the freedome of your spirit when t'is worthily imployed. A Gods name giue behauiour the full scope of gen'rous libertie; but let it not disperse and spend it selfe in courses of vnbounded licence. Here, pay for your hurts.

Exit D'amville.

Seba. I thanke you sir.——Gen'rous libertie.——that is to say, freely to bestow my habilities to honest purposes. Me thinkes I should not follow that instruction now; if hauing the

meanes

meanes to doe an honest office for an honest fellow, I should neglect it. *Charlemont* lyes in prison for a thousand Crownes. And here I haue a thousand Crownes. Honestie tels meet were well done to release *Charlemont*. But discretion sayes I had much a doe to come by this; and when this shall be gone I know not where to finger any more: especially if I employ it to this vse, which is like to endanger mee into my Fathers perpetuall displeasure. And then I may goe hang my selfe, or be forc'd to doe that, will make another saue mee the labour. No matter. *Charlemont!* Thou gau'st mee my life and that's somewhat of a purer earth then gold as fine as it is. T'is no courtesie I doe thee but thankefulnesse. I owe thee it and Ile pay it. Hee fought brauely, but the Officers drag'd him villanously. Arrant knaues! for vsing him so discourteously; may the sins o'the poore people be so few, that you sha'not be able to spare so much out o'your gettings, as will pay for the hyre of a lame staru'd hackney to ride to an execution. But goe a foote to the gallowes, and be hang'd. May elder brothers turne good husbands, and younger brothers get good wiues; that there be no neede of debt-bookes, nor vse of Serieants. May there be all peace but i'the warre, and all charitie but i'the Diuell; so that prisons may be turn'd to Hospitals, though the Officers liue othe benevolence. If this curse might come to passe, the world would say, *Blessed be he that curseth.*

Exit.

Enter Charlemont *in prison.*

Charl. I graunt the Heauen. Thy goodnesse doth command
Our punishments: but yet no further then
The measure of our sinnes. How should they else
Be iust? Or how should that good purpose of
Thy Iustice take effect, by bounding men
Within the confines of humanitie,
When our afflictions doe exceede our crimes?
Then they doe rather teach the barb'rous world
Examples that extend her cruelties
Beyond their owne dimentions; and instruct
Our actions to be more, more barbarous.

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O my afflicted ſoule! How torment ſwels
Thy apprehenſion with prophane conceipt,
Againſt the ſacred iuſtice of my God?
Our owne conſtructions are the authors of
Our miſerie. We neuer meaſure our
Conditions but with Men aboue vs in
Eſtate. So while our Spirits labour to
Be higher then our fortunes th'are more baſe.
Since all thoſe attributes which make men ſeeme
Superiour to vs; are Man's Subiects; and
Were made to ſerue him. The repining Man
Is of a ſeruile ſpirit to deiect
The valew of himſelfe below their eſtimation.

Enter Sebaſtian *with the Keeper.*

Seba. Here. Take my ſword. —— How now my wilde Swag'rer? y'are tame enough now; are you not? The penurie of a priſon is like a ſoft conſumption. T'will humble the pride o' your mortalitie; and arme your ſoule in compleate patience to endure the waight of affliction without feeling it. What? Haſt no muſicke in thee? Th'haſt trebles and baſes enough. Treble iniurie; and baſe vſage. But trebles and baſes make poore muſick without *meanes*. Thou want'ſt Meanes; Doeſt? what? Doeſt droope? art deiected?

Charl. No Sir. I haue a heart aboue the reach
Of thy moſt violent maliciouſneſſe.
A fortitude in ſcorne of thy contempt;
(Since Fate is pleas'd to haue me ſuffer it)
That can beare more then thou haſt power t'inflict.
I was a Baron That thy Father has
Depriu'd me off. In ſtead of that, I am
Created King. I'ue loſt a Signiorie,
That was confin'd within a piece of earth;
A Wart vpon the body of the world.
But now I am an Emp'rour of a world.
This little world of Man. My paſſions are
My Subiects; and I can command them laugh;
Whilſt thou doeſt tickle 'em to death with miſerie.

Seba. T'is brauely ſpoken; and I loue thee for't. Thou lieſt here for a thouſand crownes. Here are a thouſand to redeeme thee. Not for the ranſome o' my life thou gau'ſt mee. That I value not at one crowne. T'is none o' my deed. Thanke my Father for't. T'is his goodneſſe. Yet hee lookes not for thankes. For he does it vnder hand; out of a reſeru'd diſpoſition to doe thee good without oſtentation. ——— Out o' great heart you'l refus't now; will you?

Charl. No. Since I muſt ſubmit my ſelfe to Fate; I neuer will neglect the offer of one benefit; but entertaine them as her fauours; and th'inductions to ſome end of better fortune. As whoſe inſtrument; I thanke thy courteſie.

Seba. Well, come along.

Exeunt.

Enter D'amville *and* Caſtabella.

D'am. Daughter you doe not well to vrge me. I
Ha'done no more then Iuſtice. *Charlemont*
Shall die and rot in priſon; and t'is iuſt.

Caſta. O Father! Mercie is an attribute
As high as Iuſtice; an eſſentiall part
Of his vnbounded goodneſſe, whoſe diuine
Impreſſion, forme, and image man ſhould beare.
And (me thinks) Man ſhould loue to imitate
His Mercie; ſince the onely countenance
Of Iuſtice, were deſtruction; if the ſweet
And louing fauour of his mercie did
Not mediate betweene it and our weakeneſſe.

D'am. Forbeare. You will diſpleaſe me. He ſhal rot.

Caſta. Deare Sir! Since by your greatneſſe, you
Are nearer heau'n in place; be nearer it
In goodneſſe. Rich men ſhould tranſcend the poore,
As clouds the earth; rais'd by the comfort of
The Sunne, to water dry and barren grounds.
If neither the impreſſion in your ſoule
Of goodneſſe; nor the dutie of your place,
As goodneſſe ſubſtitute; can moue you: then
Let nature, which in Sauages, in beaſts,

Can

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Can stirre to pittie, tell you that hee is
Your kinsman; ——
D'am. You expose your honestie
To strange construction: Why should you so vrge
Release for *Charlemont*? Come, you professe
More nearenesse to him then your modestie
Can answere. You haue tempted my suspition.
I tell thee hee shall starue, and dye, and rot.

Enter Charlemont *and* Sebastian.

Charl. Vncle, I thanke you.
D'am. Much good do it you.—Who did release him?
Seba. I.

Exit Castabella.

D'am. You are a villaine.
Seba. Y'are my Father.

Exit Sebastian.

D'am. I must temporize. ——
Nephew I had not his open freedome made
My disposition knowne; I would ha'borne
The course and inclination of my loue
According to the motion of the Sunne,
Inuisibly inioyed and vnderstood.
Charl. That showes your good works are directed to
No other end then goodnesse. I was rash,
I must confesse. But ——
D'am. I will excuse you.
To lose a Father, and (as you may thinke)
Be disinherited (it must be graunted)
Are motiues to impatience. But for death,
Who can auoide it? And for his estate,
In the vncertaintie of both your liues,
T'was done discreetly, to conferre't vpon
A knowne Successour; being the next in bloud.
And one (deare Nephew) whom in time to come,
You shall haue cause to thanke. I will not be
Your dispossessour, but your Gardian.

I will supply your Fathers vacant place,
To guide your greene improuidence of youth;
And make you ripe for your inheritance.

Charl. Sir, I embrace your gen'rous promises.

Enter Rousard *sicke, and* Castabella.

Rousa. Embracing? I behold the obiect that
Mine eye affects. Deere Cosin *Charlemont.*

D'am. My elder Sonne! He meetes you happily.
For with the hand of our whole family
We enterchange th'indenture of our Loues.

Charl. And I accept it. Yet not ioyfully
Because y'are sicke.

D'am. Sir; His affection's sound,
Though hee be sicke in body.

Rousa. Sicke indeede.
A gen'rall weakenesse did surprise my health
The very day I married *Castabella.*
As if my sicknesse were a punishment,
That did arrest me for some iniurie
I then committed. Credit me (my Loue)
I pittie thy ill fortune to be match'd
With such a weake vnpleasing bedfellow.

Casta. Beleeue me Sir; it neuer troubles me.
I am as much respectlesse to enioy
Such pleasure as ignorant what it is.

Charl. Thy Sexes wonder. Vnhappy *Charlemont.*

D'am. Come, let's to supper. There we will confirme
The eternall bond of our concluded loue.

Exeunt.

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Actus quarti Scena prima.

Enter Cataplasma *and* Soquette *with Needle-worke.*

Cataplasma.

COme *Soquette*; your worke! let's examine your worke. What's here? a Medlar with a Plum-tree growing hard by it; The leaues o' the Plum-tree falling off; the gumme issuing out o' the perish'd ioynts; and the branches some of 'em dead, and some rotten; and yet but a young Plum-tree. In good sooth, very prettie.

Soqu. The Plum-tree (forsooth) growes so neare the Medlar, that the Medlar suckes and drawes all the sap from it; and the naturall strength o' the ground, so that it cannot prosper.

Cata. How conceipted you are! But heere th'ast made a Tree to beare no fruit. Why's that?

Soqu. There growes a Sauin-tree next it forsooth.

Cata. Forsooth you are a little too wittie in that.

Enter Sebastian.

Seba. But this Honisuckle windes about this white-thorne very prettily and louingly; sweet Mistresse *Cataplasma.*

Cata. Monsieur *Sebastian!* in good sooth very vprightly welcome this euening.

Seba. What? moralizing vpon this Gentlewomans needle-worke? let's see.

Cata. No Sir. Onely examining whether it be done to the true nature and life o' the thing?

Seba. Heere y'haue set a Medlar with a Batchelers-button o' one side; and a Snaile o' th' tother. The Batchelers-button should haue held his head vp more pertly towards the Medlar;

lar; the Snaile o' th'tother side, should ha'beene wrought with an artificiall lazinesse, doubling his taile, and putting out his horne but halfe the length. And then the Medlar falling (as it were) from the lazie Snaile, and enclining towards the pert Batchelers-button; their branches spreading and winding one within another as if they did embrace. But heere's a morall. A poppring Peare-tree growing vpon the banke of a Riuer; seeming continually to looke downewards into the water, as if it were enamour'd of it; and euer as the fruit ripens, lets it fall for loue (as it were) into her lap. Which the wanton Streame, like a Strumpet, no sooner receiues, but she carries it away, and bestowes it vpon some other creature she maintaines: still seeming to play and dally vnder the Poppring, so long, that it has almost wash'd away the earth from the roote; and now the poore Tree stands as if it were readie to fall and perish by that whereon it spent all the substance it had.

Cata. Morall for you that loue those wanton running waters.

Seba. But is not my Lady *Leuidulcia* come yet?

Cata. Her purpose promis'd vs her companie ere this. *Lirie!* your Lute and your Booke.

Seba. Well said. A lesson o'th'Lute to entertaine the time with till she comes.

Cata. Sol, fa, mi, la. —— Mi, mi mi. —— Precious! Doest not see *mi* betweene the two Crochets? Strike mee full there. —— So —— forward. —— This is a sweet straine, and thou finger'st it beastly. *Mi* is a laerg there; and the prick that stands before *mi*, a long; alwaies halfe your note. —— Now —— Runne your diuision pleasingly with those quauers. Obserue all your graces i'the touch. —— Heere's a sweet cloze —— strike it full, it sets off your musicke delicately.

Enter Languebeau Snuffe *and* Leuidulcia.

Lang. Puritie be in this House.

Cata. T'is now enter'd; and welcome with your good Ladiship.

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Seba. Ceaſe that muſicke. Here's a ſweeter inſtrument.

Lewid. Reſtraine your libertie: See you not *Snuffe*?

Seba. What does the Stinkard here? put *Snuffe* out. He's offenſiue.

Lewid. No. The credit of his companie defends my being abroad from the eye of Suſpition.

Cata. Wil't pleaſe your Ladiſhip goe vp into the Cloſet? There are thoſe Falles and Tyres I tolde you of.

Lewid. Monſieur *Snuffe*, I ſhall requeſt your patience. My ſtay will not be long. —— *Exit cum* Sebaſt.

Lang. My duty Madame. —— Falles and Tyres? I begin to ſuſpect what Falles and Tyres you meane. My Lady and *Sebaſtian* the Fall and the Tyre, and I the Shadow. I perceiue the puritie of my conuerſation is vs'd but for a propertie to couer the vncleanenelſe of their purpoſes. The very contemplation o' the thing, makes the ſpirit of the fleſh begin to wriggle in my bloud. And heere my deſire has met with an obiect alreadie. This Gentlewoman (me thinkes) ſhould be ſwayed with the motion; liuing in a houſe where mouing example is ſo common. Temptation has preuail'd ouer mee; and I will attempt to make it ouercome her. —— Miſtreſſe *Cataplaſma*! My Lady (it ſeemes) has ſome buſineſſe that requires her ſtay. The faireneſſe o' the euening inuites me into the ayre; will it pleaſe you giue this Gentlewoman leaue to leaue her worke, and walke a turne or two with me for honeſt recreation?

Cata. With all my heart Sir. Goe *Soqnette*; giue eare to his inſtructions; you may get vnderſtanding by his companie I can tell you.

Lang. In the way of holineſſe; Miſtreſſe *Cataplaſma*.

Cata. Good Monſieur *Snuffe*! —— I will attend your returne.

Lang. Your hand Gentlewoman.——
The fleſh is humble till the Spirit moue it;
But when t'is rais'd it will command aboue it. *Exeunt.*

Enter D'amville, Charlemont, *and* Borachio.

D'am. Your ſadneſſe and the ſickneſſe of my Sonne,
Haue made our company and conference

Leſſe free and pleaſing then I purpos'd it.
Char. Sir; for the preſent I am much vnfit
For conuerſation or ſocietie.
With pardon I will rudely take my leaue.
D'am. Good night; deere Nephew. —
Exit Charlemont.
Seeſt thou that ſame man?
Bora. Your meaning Sir?
D'am. That fellowes life *Borachio*,
Like a ſuperfluous Letter in the Law,
Endangers our aſſurance.
Bora. Scrape him out.
D'am. Wut doe't?
Bora. Giue me your purpoſe I will doe't.
D'am. Sad melancholy has drawne *Charlemont*,
With meditation on his Fathers death,
Into the ſolitarie walke behind the Church.
Bora. The Churchyard? This the fitteſt place for death,
Perhaps he's praying. Then he's fit to die,
We'l ſend him charitably to his graue.
D'am. No matter how thou tak'ſt him. Firſt take this. —
Thou knoweſt the place. Obſerue his paſſages; *Piſtoll.*
And with the moſt aduantage make a ſtand;
That fauour'd by the darkneſſe of the night,
His breſt may fall vpon thee at ſo neare
A diſtance, that he ſha'not ſhunne the blow.
The deede once done, thou mai'ſt retire with ſafety.
The place is vnfrequented; and his death
Will be imputed to th'attempt of theeues.
Bora. Be careleſſe. Let your mind be free and cleare.
This Piſtoll ſhall diſcharge you of your feare. — *Exit.*
D'am. But let me call my proiects to accompt,
For what effect and end I haue engag'd
My ſelfe in all this bloud? To leaue a ſtate
To the ſucceſſion of my proper bloud.
But how ſhall that ſucceſſion be continued?
Not in my elder Sonne, I feare. Diſeaſe

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And weakenesse haue disabled him for issue.
For th' tother; his loose humour will endure
No bond of marriage. And I doubt his life;
His spirit is so boldly dangerous.
O pittie that the profitable end,
Of such a prosp'rous murther should be lost!
Nature forbid. I hope I haue a body,
That will not suffer me to loose my labour,
For want of issue, yet. But then't must be
A Bastard. —— Tush; they onely father bastards,
That father other mens begettings. Daughter!
Be it mine owne; let it come whence it will.
I am resolu'd. Daughter! —— *Enter* Seruant.

Seru. My Lord.

D'am. I prithee call my Daughter.

——*Enter* Casta.

Casta. Your pleasure Sir.

D'am. Is thy Husband i'bed?

Casta. Yes my Lord.

D'am. The euening's faire. I prithee walke a turne or two.

Casta. Come *Iaspar.*

D'am. No.
Wee'l walke but to the corner o' the Church;
And I haue something to speake priuately.

Casta. No matter, Stay. —— *Exit* Seruant.

D'am. This falles out happily. —— *Exeunt.*

Enter Charlemont, Borachio *dogging him in the Churchyard.*
The Clocke strikes twelue.

Charl. Twelue.

Bora. T'is a good houre, t'will strike one anon.

Charl. How fit a place for contemplation is this dead of night, among the dwellings of the dead. —— This graue. —— Perhappes th'inhabitant vvas in his life time the possessour of his owne desires. Yet in the midd'st of all his greatnesse and his wealth; he was lesse rich and lesse contented, then in

this

this poore piece of earth, lower and lesser then a Cottage. For heere he neither wants nor cares. Now that his body sauours of corruption; Hee enioyes a sweeter rest then e'er hee did amongst the sweetest pleasures of this life. For heere, there's nothing troubles him. —— And there. —— In that graue lies another. He (perhaps) was in his life as full of miserie as this of happinesse. And here's an end of both. Now both their states are equall. O that Man, with so much labour should aspire to worldly height; when in the humble earth, the world's condition's at the best! Or scorne inferiour men; since to be lower then a worme, is to be higher then a King!

Bora. Then fall and rise.

—— *Discharges.* —— *Giues false fire.*

Charl. What villaines hand was that? saue thee or thou shalt perish.

They fight.

Bora. Zownes vnsau'd I thinke. —— *Fall.*

Charl. What? Haue I kill'd him? whatsoe'er thou beest I would thy hand had prosper'd. For I was vnfit to liue, and well prepar'd to die. What shall I doe? accuse my selfe. Submit me to the law, and that will quickly end this violent encrease of miserie. But t'is a murther to be accessarie to mine owne death. I will not. I will take this opportunitie to scape. It may be Heau'n reserues me to some better end.

Exit Charlemont.

Enter Snuffe *and* Soquette *into the Churchyard.*

Soqu. Nay good Sir; I dare not. In good sooth I come of a generation both by Father and Mother, that were all as fruitfull as Costard-mongers wiues.

Snu. Tush then, a Timpanie is the greatest danger can be fear'd. Their fruitfulnesse turnes but to a certaine kind of flegmatique windie disease.

Soqu. I must put my vnderstanding to your trust Sir. I would be loath to be deceiu'd.

Snu. No, conceiue; thou shat not. Yet thou shalt profit by my instruction too. My bodie is not euery day drawne dry wench.

Soqu.

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Soqu. Yet mee thinkes Sir, your want of vse should rather make your body like a Well; the lesser t'is drawne, the sooner it growes dry.

Snu. Thou shalt try that instantly.

Soqu. But we want place and opportunity.

Snu. We haue both. This is the backe side of the House which the superstitious call Saint *Winifred's* Church; and is verily a conuenient vnfrequented place. —— Where vnder the close Curtaines of the night;

Soqu. You purpose i'the darke to make me light.

Pulles out a sheete, a haire, and a beard.

But what ha' you there?

Snu. This disguise is for securitie sake wench. There's a talke thou know'st, that the Ghoast of olde *Mon ferrers* walks. In this Church he was buried. Now if any stranger fall vpon vs before our businesse be ended; in this disguise I shall be taken for that Ghoast; and neuer be call'd to examination I warrant thee. Thus wee shall scape both preuention and discouerie. How doe I looke in this habite wench?

Saq. So like a Ghost, that notwithstanding I haue som foreknowledge of you, you make my haire stand almost an end.

Snu. I will try how I can kisse in this beard. —— O fie, fie, fie. I will put it off; and then kisse; and then put it on. I can doe the rest without kissing.

Enter Charlemont *doubtfully with his sword drawne, is vpon them before they are aware. They runne out diuers waies, and leaue the disguise.*

Charl. What ha' wee heere? a Sheete? a haire? a beard? What end was this disguise intended for? No matter what. I'le not expostulate the purpose of a friendly accident. Perhaps it may accommodate my scape. —— I feare I am pursued. For more assurance, I'le hide mee heere i'th Charnell house; this conuocation-house of dead mens sculles. ——

To get into the Charnell house, he takes holde of a Death's head; it slips and staggers him.

Death's head! deceiu'st my hold? Such is the trust to all mortalitie. —— *Hides himselfe in the Charnell house.*

Enter

Enter D'amville *and* Castabella.

Casta. My Lord! The night growes late. Your Lordship spake of something you desir'd to moue in priuate.

D'am. Yes. Now I'le speake it. Th'argument is loue. The smallest ornament of thy sweet forme (that abstract of all pleasure) can command the sences into passion; and thy entire perfection is my obiect; yet I loue thee with the freedome of my reason. I can giue thee reason for my loue.

Casta. Loue me; my Lord? I doe beleeue it, for I am the wife of him you loue.

D'am. 'Tis true. By my perswasion thou wert forc'd to marrie one, vnable to performe the office of a Husband. I was author of the wrong. My conscience suffers vnder't; and I would disburthen it by satisfaction.

Casta. How?

D'am. I will supply that pleasure to thee which he cannot.

Casta. Are y'a diuell or a man?

D'am. A man; and such a man, as can returne thy entertainment with as prodigall a body, as the couetous desire of woman euer was delighted with. So, that besides the full performance of thy empty Husbands dutie; thou shalt haue the ioy of children to continue the succession of thy bloud. For the appetite that steales her pleasure; drawes the forces of the body to an vnited strength; and puts 'em altogether into action; neuer failes of procreation. All the purposes of Man aime but at one of these two ends; pleasure or profit: And in this one sweet coniunction of our loues. they both will meete. Would it not grieue thee, that a Stranger to thy bloud, should lay the first foundation of his house vpon the ruines of thy family?

Casta. Now Heau'n defend me! May my memorie be vtterly extinguish'd; and the heire of him that was my Fathers enemie, raise his eternall monument vpon our ruines; ere the greatest pleasure or the greatest profit, euer tempt me to continue it by incest.

D'am. Incest? Tush. These distances affinitie obserues; are articles of bondage cast vpon our freedomes by our owne subiections. Nature allowes a gen'rall libertie of generation to all

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creatures else. Shall Man to whose command and vse all creatures were made subiect be lesse free then they?

Casta. O God! is thy vnlimited and infinite omnipotence lesse free because thou doest no ill? or if you argue meerely out of Nature; doe you not degenerate from that; and are you not vnworthie the prerogatiue of Natures Maister-piece, when basely you prescribe your selfe authoritie and law from their examples whom you should command? I could confute you; but the horrour of the argument confounds my vnderstanding. —— Sir, I know, you doe but try me in your Sonnes behalfe; suspecting that my strength and youth of bloud cannot containe themselues with impotence. —— Beleeue me (Sir) I neuer wrong'd him. If it be your lust; O quench it on their prostituted flesh, whose trade of sinne can please desire with more delight, and lesse offence. —— The poyson of your breath, euaporated from so foule a soule; infects the ayre more then the dampes that rise from bodies but halfe rotten in their graues.

D'am. Kisse me. I warrant thee my breath is sweet. These dead mens bones lie heere of purpose to inuite vs to supply the number of the liuing. Come; we'l get young bones and doe't. I will enioy thee. No? Nay then inuoke your great suppos'd protectour; I will doe't.

Casta. Suppos'd protectour? Are y'an Athiest? Then, I know my prayers and teares are spent in vaine. O patient Heau'n! Why doest thou not expresse thy wrath in thunderbolts; to teare the frame of man in pieces? How can earth endure the burthen of this wickednesse without an earthquake? Or the angry face of Heau'n be not enflam'd with lighning.

D'am. Coniure vp the Diuell and his Dam; Crie to the graues; the dead can heare thee; inuocate their helpe.

Casta. O would this graue might open, and my body were bound to the dead carkasse of a man for euer, e're it entertaine the lust of this detested villaine.

D'am. Tereas-like, thus I will force my passage to ——

Charl. The Diuell.

Charle-

—Charlemont *riseth in the disguise and frights* D'amville *away.*
Now Lady! with the hand of *Charlemont*, I thus redeeme you from the arme of lust. —— My *Castabella!*

Casta. My deare *Charlemont!*

Charl. For all my wrongs I thanke thee gracious Heau'n; th'ast made me satisfaction; to reserue me for this blessed purpose. Now sweet Death, I'le bid thee welcome. Come. I'le guard thee home; and then I'le cast my selfe into the armes of apprehension, that the law may make this worthie worke, the crowne of all my actions being the best and last.

Casta. The last? The law? Now Heau'n forbid! what ha'you done?

Charl. Why, I haue kill'd a man; not murder'd him, my *Castabella*; He would ha'murder'd me.

Casta. Then *Charlemont*; the hand of Heau'n directed thy defence.
That wicked Athiest, I suspect his plot.

Charl. My life he seekes. I would he had it since he has depriu'd mee of those blessings that should make mee loue it; Come; I'le giue it him.

Casta. You sha'not. I will first expose my selfe to certaine danger, then for my defence destroy the man that sau'd mee from destruction.

Charl. Thou canst not satisfie me better, then to be the instrument of my release from miserie.

Casta. Then worke it by escape. Leaue mee to this protection that still guards the innocent; Or I will be a partner in your destinie.

Charl. My soule is heauie. Come; lie downe to rest;
These are the pillowes whereon men sleepe best.

They lie downe with either of them a Death's head for a pillow.

Enter Snuffe *seeking* Soquette.

Snu. Soquette! Soquette! Soquette! O art thou there? —
He mistakes the body of Borachio *for* Soquette.
Verily thou lyest in a fine premiditate readinesse for the purpose. Come kisse me sweet *Soquette.* —— Now puritie defend me from the sinne of Sodom. — This is a creature of the

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masculine gender. —— Verily the Man is blasted. —— Yea? cold and stiffe? —— Murder, murder, murder.

—— *Exit.*

Enter D'amville *distractedly; starts at the sight of a Death's head.*

D'am. Why doest thou stare vpon me? Thou art not the scull of him I murder'd. What hast thou to doe to vexe my conscience? Sure thou wert the head of a most dogged Vsurer, th'art so vncharitable. And that Bawde the skie, there; she could shut the windowes and the dores of this great chamber of the world; and draw the curtaines of the clouds betweene those lights and me about this bed of earth, when that same Stumpet Murder & my selfe committed sin together. Then she could leaue vs i'the darke, till the close deed was done: But now, that I begin to feele the loathsome horrour of my sinne; and (like a Leacher emptied of his lust) desire to burie my face vnder my eye-browes, and would steale from my shame vnseene; she meetes me i'the face with all her light corrupted eyes, to challenge payment o' mee. —— O beholde. Yonder's the Ghoast of olde *Montferrers* in a long white sheete, climbing yond' lostie mountaine to complaine to Heau'n of me. —— *Montferrers!* 'pox o' fearefulnesse. T'is nothing but a fa.re white cloude. Why? was I borne a coward? He lies that sayes so. Yet the count'nance of a bloudlesse worme might ha' the courage now to turne my bloud to water. The trembling motion of an Aspen leafe, would make me like the shadow of that leafe, lie shaking vnder't. I could now commit a murder, were it but to drinke the fresh warme bloud of him I murder'd; to supply the want and weakenesse o' mine owne; 'tis growne so colde and flegmaticke.

Lang. Murder, murder, murder. —— *Within.*

D'am. Mountaines o'erwhelme mee, the Ghoast of olde *Montferrers* haunts me.

Lang. Murder, murder, murder.

D'am. O were my body circumuolu'd within that cloude; that when the thunder teares his passage open, it might scatter me to nothing in the ayre!

Enter

Enter Languebeau Snuffe *with the Watch.*

Lang. Here you shall finde the murder'd body.

D'am. Black Beelzebub, and all his hell-hounds come to apprehend me?

Lang. No my good Lord. Wee come to apprehend the murderer. The Ghoast (great *Pluto*) was a foole; vnfit to be imployed in any serious businesse for the state of hell. Why? could not he ha' suffer'd me to raise the mountaine o'my sinnes with one as damnable as all the rest; and then ha' tumbled me to ruine? But apprehend me e'en betweene the purpose and the act? before it was committed?

Watch. Is this the murderer? He speakes suspitiously.

Lang. No verily. This is my Lord *D'amville.* And his distraction (I thinke) growes out of his griefe for the losse of a faithfull seruant. For surely I take him to be *Borachio* that is slaine.

D'am. Haah! *Borachio* slaine? Thou look'st like *Snuffe*, doest not.

Lang. Yes in sincerity my Lord.

D'am. Harke thee? —— Saw'st thou not a Ghoast?

Lang. A Ghoast? where my Lord? —— I smell a Foxe.

D'am. Heere i' the Churchyard.

Lang. Tush, tush; their walking spirits are meere imaginarie fables. There's no such thing in *rerum natura.* Heere is a man slaine. And with the Spirit of consideration, I rather think him to be the murderer got into that disguise, then any such phantastique toy.

D'am. My braines begin to put themselues in order. I apprehend thee now. —— T'is e'en so. —— *Borachio!* I will search the Center but I'le finde the murderer.

Watch. Heere, heere, heere. ——

D'am. Stay. A sleepe? so soundly? and so sweetly vpon Deathes Heads? and in a place so full of feare and horrour? Sure there is some other happinesse within the freedome of the conscience, then my knowledge e'er attain'd too. —— Ho, ho, ho!

Charl. Y'are welcome Vncle. Had you sooner come,

You had beene sooner welcome. I'm the Man,
You seeke. You sha'not neede examine me.
Du'm. My Nephew! and my Daughter! O my deare
Lamented bloud! what Fate has cast you thus
Vnhappily vpon this accident?
Charl. You know Sir, she's as cleare as Chastitie.
D'am. As her owne chastitie. The time; the place;
All circumstances argue that vncleare.
Casta. Sir, I confesse it; and repentantly
Will vndergoe the selfe same punishment,
That Iustice shall inflict on *Charlemont.*
Charl. Vniustly she betrayes her innocence.
Watch. But Sir, she's taken with you; and she must
To prison with you.
D'am. There's no remedie.
Yet were it not my Sonnes bed she abus'd;
My land should flie but both should be excus'd. *Exeunt.*

Enter Belforest *and a* Seruant.

Belfo. Is not my wife come in yet?
Seru. No my Lord.
Belfo. Me thinks she's very affectedly enclin'd,
To young *Sebastian's* company o'late.
But iealousie is such a torment, that
I am afraid to entertaine it. Yet
The more I shunne by circumstance to meete
Directly with it; the more ground I finde
To circumuent my apprehension. First,
I know sh'as a perpetuall appetite;
Which being so oft encounter'd with a man
Of such a bold luxurious freedome, as
Sebastian is; and of so promising
A body: her owne bloud, corrupted, will
Betray her to temptation. ——

Enter Frisco *closely.*

Fris. 'Precious! I was sent by his Lady to see if her Lord were in bed; I should ha'done't slily without discouery; and now I am blurted vpon 'em before I was aware. ——*Exit.*

Belfo.

Belfo. Know not you the Gentlewoman my wife brought home?

Serv. By sight my Lord, Her man was here but now.

Belfo. Her man? I pr'ithee runne and call him quickly.—— This villaine. I suspect him euer since I found him hid behind the Tapestry. —— *Frisco!* th'art welcome *Frisco.* —— Leaue vs. Doest heare *Frisco!* is not my wife at thy Mistresses?

Frisco. I know not my Lord.

Belfo. I prithee tell me *Frisco*; we are priuate; tell me. Is not thy Mistresse a good wench?

Fris. How meanes your Lordship that? A wench o'the trade.

Belf. Yes faith *Frisco*; e'en a wench o'the trade.

Fris. O no my Lord. Those falling diseases cause baldnesse, and my Mistresse recouers the losse of haire, for she is a Peri-wig-maker.

Belfo. And nothing else?

Frisc. Sels Falls and Tyres, and Bodies for Ladies; or so.

Belfo. So Sir: and she helpes my Lady to falles and bodies now and then; doe's she not?

Frisc. At her Ladiships pleasure; my Lord.

Belfo. Her pleasure; you Rogue? you are the Pandar to her pleasure you Varlet, are you not? you know the conueyances betweene *Sebastian* and my wife. Tell me the truth; or by this hand I'le naile thy bosome to the earth. Stirre not you Dogge; but quickly tell the truth.

Frisco. O yes! —— *Speake like a Crier.*

Belfo. Is not thy Mistresse a Bawde to my wife?

Frisco. O yes!

Belfo. And acquainted with her trickes, and her plots, and her deuises.

Frisco. O yes! If any man, 'Court, Citie or Countrey, has found my Lady *Lesidulcia* in bed, but my Lord *Belforest*, it is *Sebastian.*

Belfo. What doest thou proclaime it? Doest thou crie it thou villaine?

Frisco. Can you laugh it my Lord? I thought you meant to proclaime your selfe Cuckold.

Enter

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Enter the Watch.

Belfo. The Watch? Met with my wish. I must request th'assistance of your offices. Frisco *runnes away.* —— S'death; stay that villaine; pursue him. —— *Exeunt.*

Enter Snuffe *importuning* Soquette.

Sequ. Nay, if you get me any more into the Churchyard.

Snu. Why *Soquette?* I neuer got thee there yet.

Soqu. Got me there? No. Not with childe.

Snu. I promis'd thee I would not; and I was as good as my word.

Soqu. Yet your word was better then than your deede. But, steale vp into the little matted chamber o'the left hand.

Snu. I prithee let it be the right hand; thou left'st me before and I did not like that.

Soqu. 'Precious quickly; So soone as my *Mistresse* shall be in bed I'le come to you. ——— *Exit* Snuffe.

Enter Sebastian, Leuidulcia *and* Cataplasma.

Cata. I wonder *Frisco* stayes so long.

Seba. Mistresse *Soquette*, a word with you. —— *Whisper.*

Leui. If he brings word my Husband is i'bed; I will aduenture one nights liberty to lie abroad. ——— My strange affection to this Man! —— T'is like that naturall sympathie which e'en among the senceless creatures of the earth, commands a mutuall inclination and consent: For though it seemes to be the free effect of mine owne voluntarie loue; yet I can neither restraine it, nor giue reason for't. But now t'is done; and in your power it lies to saue my honour; or dishonour me.

Cata. Enioy your pleasure (Madame) without feare. I neuer will betray the trust you haue committed to me. And you wrong your selfe, to let consideration of the sinne; molest your conscience. Me thinkes t'is vniust, that a reproach should be inflicted on a woman for offending but with one; when t'is a light offence in Husbands to commit with many.

Leui. So it seemes to me. ——— Why how now *Sebastian?* making loue to that Gentlewoman? How many mistresses ha' you i'faith?

Seba. In faith; none. For I think none of 'em are faithfull, but

but otherwise as many as cleane shirts. The loue of a woman is like a Mushrom; it growes in one night, and will serue somewhat pleasingly next morning to breakfast: but afterwards waxes fulsome and vnwholesome.

Cata. Nay by Saint *Winifred*, a woman's loue lasts as long as Winter fruit.

Seba. T'is true. Till new come in. By my experience no longer. —— *Enter* Frisco *running.*

Frisco. Some bodie's doing has vndone vs; and we are like pay dearely for't.

Sebast. Pay deare? for what?

Frisco. Wil't not be a chargeable reckoning, thinke you; when heere are halfe a dozen fellowes comming to call vs to accompt, with eu'rie man a seuerall bill in his hand, that wee are not able to discharge.

—— *Knocke at the doore.*

Cata. Passion o' me. What bouncing's that? Madame! withdraw your selfe.

Leuid. Sebastian if you loue me, saue my honour.

—— *Exeunt.*

Seba. What violence is this? What seeke you? Zownes! you shall not passe.

Enter Belforest *and the Watch.*

Belfo. Pursue the Strumpet. Villaine giue mee way; or I will make my passage through thy bloud.

Seba. My bloud will make it slipperie my Lord. T'were better you would take another way. You may happ fall else.

They fight. Both staine. Sebastian *falles first.*

Seba. I ha't ifaith. —— *Dies.*

While Belforest *is staggering, enter* Leuidulcia.

Leuid. O God! my Husband! my *Sebastian!* Husband! Neither can speake; yet both report my shame. Is this the sauing of my Honour? when their bloud runnes out in riuers; and my lust the fountaine whence it flowes? Deare Husband! let not thy departed spirit be displeas'd; if with adulterate lips I kisse thy cheeke. Heere I behold the hatefulnesse of lust; which brings me kneeling to embrace him dead; whose body

being I did loathe to touch. Now I can weepe. But what can teares doe good, when I weepe onely water, they weepe bloud? But could I make an Ocean with my teares; that on the floud this broken vessell of my body, laden heauie with light lust might suffer shipwrack, and so drowne my shame: then weeping were to purpose; but alas! The Sea wants water enough to wash away the foulenesse of my name. O in their wounds; I feele my honour wounded to the death. Shall I out-liue my Honour? Must my life be made the worlds example? Since it must; then thus in detestation of my deede; to make th'example moue more forceably to vertue; thus, Heale it with a death as full of horrour as my life of sinne.

Stabs her selfe.

Enter the Watch with Cataplasina, Frisco, Snuffe, *and* Soquette.

Watch. Hold Madame! Lord what a strange night is this.

Snuffe. May not *Snuffe* be suffer'd to goe out of himselfe?

Watch. Nor you; nor any. All must goe with vs.

O with what vertue lust should be withstood!
Since t'is a fire quench'd seldome without bloud.

Exeunt.

Actus quinti Scena prima.

Musicke. A Clozet discouer'd. A Seruant sleeping with lights and money before him.

Enter D'anville.

D'anville.

WHat sleep'st thou?

Serv. No my Lord. Nor sleepe; nor wake.
But in a slumber troublesome to both.

D'an. Whence comes this gold?

Serv. T'is part of the Reuenew,
Due to your Lordship since your brothers death.

D'an.

D'am. To bed. Leaue me my gold.
Seru. And me my rest.
Two things wherewith one man is seldome blest. *Exit.*
D'am. Cease that harsh musicke. Ware not pleas'd with it.
He handles the gold.
Heere sounds a musicke whose melodious touch,
Like Angels voices rauishes the sence.
Behold thou ignorant Astronomer,
Whose wandring speculation seekes among'
The planets for mens fortunes! with amazement,
Behold thine errour and be planet-strucke.
These are the Starres whose operations make
The fortunes and the destinies of men.
Yond' lesser eyes of Heau'n, (like Subiects rais'd
Into their loftie houses, when their Prince
Rides vnderneath th'ambition of their loues)
Are mounted onely to behold the face,
Of your more rich imperious eminence,
With vnpreuented sight. Vnmaske faire Queene; *Vnpurses the gold.*
Vouchsafe their expectations may enioy,
The gracious fauour they admite to see;
These are the Starres the Ministers of Fate;
And Mans high wisedome the superiour power,
To which their forces are subordinate. *Sleepes.*
Enter the Ghost of Montferrers.
Mont. *D'amville!* With all thy wisedome th'art a foole.
Not like those foules that we terme Innocents;
But a most wretched miserable foole.
Which instantly; to the confusion of
Thy proiects with despaire thou shalt behold.
Exit Ghost.
D'amville *starts vp.*
D'am. What foolish dreame dares interrupt my rest?
To my confusion? How can that be? Since
My purposes haue hitherto beene borne
With prosp'rous Iudgement to secure successe.
Which nothing liues to dispossesse me off,

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But apprehended *Charlemont*, And him,
This braine has made the happy inſtrument
To free Suſpition, to annihilate
All intereſt and title of his owne;
To ſeale vp my aſſurance, and confirme
My abſolute poſſeſſion by the law.
Thus while the ſimple honeſt worſhipper
Of a phantaſtique prouidence, groanes vnder
The burthen of neglected miſerie,
My reall wiſedome has raiſ'd vp a State,
That ſhall eternize my poſteritie.

Enter Seruants *with the body of* Sebaſtian.

What's that?

Seru. The body of your younger Sonne ſlaine by the Lord *Belforeſt.*

D'am. Slaine? you lie ——— *Sebaſtian.* Speake, *Sebaſtian!* H'as loſt his hearing. A Phiſitian preſently. Goe call a Surgeon.

Rouſa. Ooh. ——— *Within.*

D'am. What groane was that? How does my elder Sonne? the ſound came from his chamber.

Seruu. He went ſicke to bed my Lord.

Rouſa. Ooh. ——— *Within.*

D'am. The cries of Mandrakes neuer touch'd the eare, with more ſad horrour then that voice does mine.

Enter a Seruant running.

Seruu. Neuer you will ſee your Sonne aliue. ———

D'am. Nature forbid I e'er ſhould ſee him dead.

A Bed drawne forth with Rouſard.

Withdraw the Curtaines. O how does my Sonne?

Seruu. Me thinkes, he's ready to giue vp the ghoaſt.

D'am. Deſtruction take thee and thy fatall tongue. Death, where's the Doctor? ——— Art not thou the fact of that prodigious apparition ſtar'd vpon me in my dreame?

Seruu. The Doctor's come my Lord.

——— *Enter Doctor.*

D'am. Doctor! Behold two Patients, in whoſe cure thy

 skill

skill may purchase an eternall fame. If thou hast any reading in *Hipocrates*, *Galen*, or *Auicen*; if hearbs, or drugges, or mineralles haue any power to saue; Now let thy practise and their soueraigne vse, raise thee to wealth and honour.

Doctor. If any roote of life remaines within 'em capable of Phisicke; feare 'em not, my Lord.

Rusa. Ooh.

D'am. His gasping sighes are like the falling noise of some great building when the ground-worke breakes. On these two pillars stood the stately frame, and architecture of my lofty house. An Earthquake shakes 'em. The foundation shrinkes. Deare Nature! in whose honour I haue rais'd a worke of glory to posteritie; O burie not the pride of that great action, vnder the fall and ruine of it selfe.

Doctor. My Lord. These bodies are depriu'd of all the radicall abilitie of Nature. The heat of life is vtterly extinguish'd. Nothing remaines within the power of man that can restore them.

D'am. Take this gold; extract the Spirit of it, and inspire new life into their bodies.

Docto. Nothing can my Lord.

D'am. You ha'not yet examin'd the true state and constitution of their bodies. Sure, you ha'not. I'le reserue their waters till the morning. Questionlesse, their vrines will informe you better.

Docto. Ha, ha, ha.

D'am. Do'st laugh thou villaine? must my wisedome that has beene the obiect of mens admiration, now become the subiect of thy laughter?

Rous. Ooh. ——*Dies.*

All. Hee's dead.

D'am. O there expires the date of my posteritie! Can Nature be so simple or malicious to destroy the reputation of her proper memorie? Shee cannot. Sure there is some power aboue her that controules her force.

Doctor. A power aboue Nature? Doubt you that my Lord? Consider but whence Man receiues his body and his forme.

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Not from corruption like some wormes and Flies; but onely from the generation of a man. For Nature neuer did bring forth a man without a Man; Nor could the first Man being but the passiue Subiect not the actiue Mouer, be the maker of himselfe; So of necessitie there must be a Superiour power to Nature.

D'am. Now to my selfe I am ridiculous. Nature thou art a Traytour to my soule. Thou hast abus'd my trust. I will complaine to a superiour Court, toright my wrong I'le proue thee a forger of false assurances. In yond' Starre chamber thou shalt answere it. Withdraw the bodies. O the sence of death begins to trouble my distracted soule. —— *Exeunt.*

Enter Iudges and Officers.

1. *Iudg.* Bring forth the malefactors to the Barre.

Enter Cataplasma, Soquette *and* Frisco.

Are you the Gentlewoman in whose house
The murders were committed?

Catap. Yes my Lord.

1. *Iud.* That worthie attribute of Gentrie, which
Your habite drawes from ignorant respect;
Your name deserues not: nor your selfe the name
Of woman. Since you are the poyson that
Infects the honour of all womanhood.

Catap. My Lord; I am a Gentlewoman: yet I must confesse my pouertie compels my life to a condition lower then my birth or breeding.

2. *Iudg.* Tush we know your birth.

1. *Iudg.* But vnder colour to professe the Sale
Of Tyres and toyes for Gentlewomens pride;
You draw a frequentation of mens wiues
To your licentious house; and there abuse
Their Husbands. ——

Frisco. Good my Lord her rent is great. The good Gentlewoman has no other thing to liue by but her lodgings: So, she's forc'd to let her fore-roomes out to others, and her selfe contented to lie backwards.

2. *Iudg.* So.

1. *Iudg.* Heere is no euidence accuses you,
For accessaries to the murder; yet
Since from the Spring of lust which you preseru'd;
And nourish'd; ranne th'effusion of that bloud:
Your punishment shall come as neare to death,
As life can beare it. Law cannot inflict
Too much seueritie vpon the cause
Of such abhor'd effects.

2. *Iudg.* Receiue your sentence,
Your goods (since they were gotten by that meanes,
Which brings diseases;) shall beturn'd to th'vse
Of Hospitalles. You carted through the Streetes;
According to the common shame of Strumpets,
Your bodies whip'd till with the losse of bloud,
You faint vnder the hand of punishment.
Then that the necessarie force of want,
May not prouoke you to your former life;
You shall be set to painefull labour; whose
Penurious gaines shall onely giue you foode
To hold vp Nature; mortifie your flesh;
And make you fit for a repentant end.

All. O good my Lord!

1. *Iud.* No more; away with 'em.

——— *Exeunt.*

Enter Languebeau Snuffe.

2. *Iudg.* Now Monsieur *Snuffe!* A man of your profession, found in a place of such impietie?

Snuffe. I grant you. The place is full of impuritie. So much the more neede of instruction and reformation. The purpose that caried me thither, was with the Spirit of conuersion to purifie their vncleanenesse; and I hope your Lordship will say, the law cannot take hold o' me for that.

1. *Iudg.* No Sir; it cannot: but yet giue me leaue
To tell you, that I hold your warie answere,
Rather premeditated for excuse;
Then spoken out of a religious purpose.

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Where tooke you your degrees of Schollership?

Snuffe. I am no Scholler my Lord. To speake the sincere truth, I am *Snuffe* the Tallow-Chandler.

2. *Iudg.* How comes your habite to be alter'd thus?

Snuffe. My Lord *Belforeſt* taking a delight in the cleanenesse of my conuersation; withdrew mee from that vncleane life, and put me in a garment fit for his societie and my present profession.

1. *Iudg.* His Lordship did but paint a rotten post;
Or couer foulenesse fairely. Monsieur *Snuffe*!
Backe to your candle-making. You may giue
The world more light with that, then either with
Instruction or th'example of your life.

Snuffe. Thus the *Snuffe* is put out.

——— *Exit* Snuffe.

Enter D'amville *distractedly with the hearses of his two Sonnes borne after him.*

D'am. Iudgement; Iudgement.

2. *Iud.* Iudgement my Lord? in what?

D'am. Your Iudgements must resolue me in a case. Bring in the bodies. Nay; I will ha't tried. This is the case my Lord. My prouidence, eu'n in a moment; by the onely hurt of one, or two, or three, at most: and those put quickly out o' paine too, marke mee; I had wisely rais'd a competent estate to my posteritie. And is there not more wisedome and more charity in that; then for your Lordship, or your Father, or your Grandsire, to prolong the torment, and the rack of rent from age to age, vpon your poore penurious Tenants? yet (perhaps) without a pennie profit to your heire. Is't not more wise? more charitable? Speake.

1. *Iud.* He is distracted.

D'am. How? distracted? Then you ha'no Iudgement. I can giue you sence and solide reason for the very least distinguishable syllable I speake. Since my thrift was more iudicious then your Grandsires; why, I would faine know why your Lordship liues to make a second generation from your Father, and the whole

your Father; and the whole frie of my posteritie extinguish'd in a moment. Not a Brat left to succeede me. ——I would faine know that.

2. *Iudg.* Griefe for his children's death distempers him.

1. *Iudg.* My Lord; we will resolue you of your question. In the meane time vouchsafe your place with vs.

D'am. I am contented, so you will resolue me.——*Ascends.*

Enter Charlemont *and* Castabella.

2. *Iudg.* Now Monsieur *Charlemont*. You are accus'd
Of hauing murder'd one *Berachio*, that
Was seruant to my Lord *D'amville*. How can
You cleare your selfe? guiltie? or not guiltie?

Charl. Guilty of killing him; but not of murder.
My Lords; I haue no purpose to desire
Remission for my selfe. —— D'amville *descends to* Charl.

D'am. Vnciuill Boy! Thou want'st humanitie to smile at griefe. Why doest thou cast a chearefull eye vpon the obiect of my sorrow? my dead Sonnes?

1. *Iudg.* O good my Lord! Let Charitie forbeare
To vexe the spirit of a dying Man.
A chearefull eye vpon the face of Death;
Is the true countenance of a noble minde.
For honour's sake (my Lord) molest it not.

D'am. Y'are all vnciuill. O! is't not enough that hee vniustly hath conspir'd with Fate, to cut off my posteritie for him to be the heire to my possessions; but he must pursue me with his presence; and in the ostentation of his ioy, laugh in my face, and glory in my griefe?

Charl. D'amville! to shew thee with what light respect,
I value Death and thy insulting pride;
Thus like a warlike Nauie on the Sea,
Bound for the conquest of some wealthie land,
Pass'd through the stormie troubles of this life,
And now arriu'd vpon the armed coast;
In expectation of the victorie,
Whose honour lies beyond this exigent;
Through mortall danger with an actiue spirit,

Thus I aſpire to vndergoe my death.

Leapes vp the Scaffold.

Caſtabella *leapes after him.*

Caſta. And thus I ſecond thy braue enterpriſe.
Be chearefull *Charlemont.* Our liues cut off,
In our young prime of yeares; are like greene hearbs,
Wherewith we ſtrow the hearſes of our friends.
For as their vertue gather'd when th'are greene,
Before they wither or corrupt, is beſt;
So we in vertue are the beſt for Death,
While yet we haue not liu'd to ſuch an age,
That the encreaſing canker of our ſinnes,
Hath ſpread too farre vpon vs. ——

D'am. A Boone, my Lords. I begge a Boone.

1. *Iud.* What's that my Lord?

D'am. His body when t'is dead for an Anatomie.

2. *Iud.* For what my Lord?

D'am. Your vnderſtanding ſtill come ſhort o'mine.
I would finde out by his Anatomie;
What thing there is in Nature more exact,
Then in the conſtitution of my ſelfe.
Me thinks, my parts, and my dimentions, are
As many, as large, as well compos'd as his;
And yet in me the reſolution wants,
To die with that aſſurance as he does.
The cauſe of that, in his Anatomie
I would finde out. ——

1. *Iud.* Be patient and you ſhall.

D'am. I haue bethought me of a better way. —— Nephew; we muſt conferre. —— Sir; I am growne a wondrous Studient now o'late. My wit has reach'd beyond the ſcope of Nature; yet for all my learning I am ſtill to ſeeke, from whence the peace of conſcience ſhould proceede.

Charl. The peace of conſcience riſes in it ſelfe.

D'am. Whether it be thy Art or Nature, I admire thee

Char-

Charlemont. Why; thou haſt taught a woman to be valiant. I will begge thy life. —— My Lords! I begge my Nephewes life. —— I'le make thee my Phiſitian. Thou ſhalt read Philoſophie to me. I will finde out th'efficient cauſe of a contented minde. But if I cannot profit in't; then t'is no more being my Phiſitian, but infuſe a little poyſon in a potion when thou giu'ſt me Phiſick; vnawares to me. So I ſhall ſteale into my graue without the vnderſtanding or the feare of death. And that's the end I aime at. For the thought of death is a moſt fearefull torment; is't not?

2. *Iudg.* Your Lordſhip interrupts the courſe of law.

1. *Iudg.* Prepare to die.

Charl. My reſolution's made.
But ere I die; before this honour'd bench;
With the free voice of a departing ſoule,
I heere proteſt this Gentlewoman cleare,
Of all offence the law condemnes her for.

Caſta. I haue accus'd my ſelfe. The law wants power
To cleare me. My deare *Charlemont*; with thee
I will partake of all thy puniſhments.

Charl. Vncle; for all the wealthie benefits;
My death aduances you, graunt me but this.
Your mediation for the guiltleſſe life
Of *Caſtabella*; whom your conſcience knowes
As iuſtly cleare as harmeleſſe innocence.

D'am. Freely. My Mediation for her life; and all my int'reſt in the world to boote, let her but in exchange poſſeſſe me of the reſolution that ſhe dies withall. —— The price of things is beſt knowne in their want. Had I her courage; ſo I value it, the Indies ſhould not buy't out o'my hands.

Charl. Giue me a glaſſe of water.

D'am. Mee, of wine. ——
This argument of death congeales my bloud.
Colde feare with apprehenſion of thy end,
Hath frozen vp the riuers of my veines. —— *A glaſſe of wine.*
I muſt drinke vvine to vvarme mee, and diſſolue the obſtruction, or an apoplexie will poſſeſſe mee. —— Why

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thou vncharitable Knaue; Do'ſt bring mee bloud to drinke?
The very glaſſe lookes pale and trembles at it.

Seru. T'is your hand my Lord.

D'am. Canſt blame mee to be fearefull; bearing ſtill the preſence of a murderer about me?

Charl. Is this water?

Serua. Water Sir. —— *A glaſſe of water.*

Charl. Come thou cleare embleme of coole temperance.
Be thou my witneſſe, that I vſe no art
To force my courage; nor haue neede of helpes,
To raiſe my Spirits like thoſe weaker men;
Who mixe their bloud with wine, and out of that
Adulterate coniunction doe beget
A baſtard valour. Natiue courage, thankes.
Thou lead'ſt me ſoberly to vndertake
This great hard worke of magnanimitie.

D'am. Braue *Charlemont!* at the reflexion of thy courage my cold fearefull bloud takes fire, and I begin to emulate thy death. —— Is that thy executioner? My Lords; you wrong the honour of ſo high a bloud, to let him ſuffer by ſo baſe a hand.

Iudges. He ſuffers by the forme of law my Lord.

D'am. I will reforme it. Downe you ſhagge-hair'd Curre. The inſtrument that ſtrikes my Nephew's bloud, ſhall be as noble as his bloud. I'le be thy executioner my ſelfe.

1 *Iud.* Reſtraine his fury. Good my Lord forbeare.

D'am. I'le butcher out the paſſage of his ſoule,
That dares attempt to interrupt the blow.

2 *Iud.* My Lord; the office will impreſſe a marke
Of ſcandall and diſhonour on your name.

Charl. The office fits him; hinder not his hand.
But let him crowne my reſolution, with
An vnexampled dignitie of death.
Strike home. Thus I ſubmit me. —— *Readie for execution.*

Caſta. So doe I.
In ſcorne of Death thus hand in hand we die.

D'am. I ha' the trick on't Nephew. You ſhall ſee how eas'ly

I can put you out of paine. —— Ooh.

As he raises vp the Axe, strikes out his owne braines. Staggers off the Scaffold.

Execu. In lifting vp the Axe
I thinke has knock'd his braines out. ——

D'am. What murderer was hee that lifted vp my hand against my head?

Iudge. None but your selfe my Lord.

D'am. I thought he was a murderer that did it.

Iudge. God forbid.

D'am. Forbid? You lie Iudge. He commanded it. To tell thee that mans wisedome is a foole. I came to thee for Iudgement; and thou think'st thy selfe a wise man. I outreach'd thy wit; and made thy Iustice Murders instrument, in *Castabella's* death and *Charlements*. To crowne my Murder of *Montferrers* with a safe possession of his wealthie state. ——

Charl. I claime the iust aduantage of his words.

Iudge. Descend the Scaffold and attend the rest.

D'am. There was the strength of naturall vnderstanding. But Nature is a foole. There is a power aboue her that hath ouerthrowne the pride of all my proiects and posteritie; (for whose suruiuing bloud, I had erected a proud monument) and strucke 'em dead before me. For whose deathes, I call'd to thee for Iudgement. Thou didst want discretion for the sentence. But yond' power that strucke me, knew the Iudgement I deseru'd; and gaue it. —— O! the lust of Death commits a Rape vpon me as I would ha' done on *Castabella*. ——

—— *Dies.*

Iudge. Strange is his death and iudgement. With the hands
Of Ioy and Iustice I thus set you free.
The power of that eternall prouidence,
Which ouerthrew his proiects in their pride;
Hath made your griefes the instruments to raise
Your blessings to a greater height then euer.

Charl. Onely to Heau'n I attribute the worke.
Whose gracious motiues made me still forbeare
To be mine owne Reuenger. Now I see,

That, *Patience is the honest mans reuenge.*

Iudge. Instead of *Charlemont* that but e'en now
Stood readie to be dispossess'd of all;
I now salute you with more titles, both
Of wealth and dignitie then you were borne too.
And you (sweet Madame) Lady of *Belforest*
You haue that title by your Fathers death.

Casta. With all the titles due to me; encrease
The wealth and honour of my *Charlemont.*
Lord of *Montferrers*; Lord *D'amuille*; *Belforest.*
And for a cloze to make vp all the rest; —— *Embrace*
The Lord of *Castabella.* Now at last
Enioy the full possession of my loue;
As cleare and pure as my first chastitie.

Charl. The crowne of all my blessings! —— I will tempt
My Starres no longer; nor protract my time
Of marriage. When those Nuptiall rites are done;
I will performe my kinsmens funeralles.

Iudg. The Drums and Trumpets! Interchange the sounds
Of Death and Triumph; for these honour'd liues,
Succeeding their deserued Tragedies.

Charl. Thus by the worke of Heauen, the men that thought
To follow our dead bodies without teares,
Are dead themselues, and now we follow theirs.

—— *Exeunt.*

FINIS.